

ZION'S
HERALD

VOL. LIII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1876.

No. 23.

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IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES.

BY MISS M. E. WINNSLOW.

The Lord is in this room. Though fast the door,
Bolts, locks and bars to Him as naught appear;
One sigh for Him can bridge all distance o'er,
Viewless His entrance, yet we feel Him near.

The Lord is in this room. I know Him here,
His glorious essence doth the silence fill;
While His sweet words fall voiceless on my ear:
"Peace, wearied, restless spirit, peace, be still!"

The Lord is in this room. My eyes are dim!
Not where a festive joyance echoes round,
Where glee and mirth ignore all thought of Him,
My Lord and Saviour, let my joy be found!

The Lord is in this room. Night turns to day;
His wings bear healing on their beams of light,
And though the shaded night-lamp gives no ray,
He makes the darkness with His glory bright.

The Lord is in this room. Oh, wondrous thought!
Soul, be thou silent, every passion still!
Hushed be earth's coarser voices; all unthought
They mar the music that my heart would thrill.

The Lord is in this room. Then softly walk,
Fut from these darkness, care, and doubt, and fear;
Holy thy thoughts be, sanctified thy talk,
Earth turns to heaven, for lo! the Lord is here.

The Lord is in this room; nor pain, nor woe,
Nor sorrow, can my forehead cloud and seal;
Jesus is with me, and His word I know,
His love, His truth, His strength can never fail.

The Lord is in this room. More highly blessed
Than if a monarch graced my board am I;
For, brining peace, and joy, and endless rest,
The King of glory seeks me from on high.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

REV. DR. PUNSHON'S SERMON.

The doors of old Surrey Chapel (says the *English Independent*) were opened once again, on Wednesday morning, to receive the crowds who were eager to hear the annual missionary sermon. Dr. Punshon was to deliver the last discourse which would be heard within its walls on behalf of the London Missionary Society. Dr. Punshon can hardly ever have been much more himself than on Wednesday morning. Nearly all the best qualities of his eloquence were in full play. None who have listened much to him, or who have had the pleasure of private intercourse, can doubt the sincerity of his spirit; and with such a basis, a hearty welcome is sure to be accorded to the vigorous sermons which this popular preacher is sure to give on such occasions as these. For an hour and ten minutes the large multitude was held in quiet, uncomplaining attention beneath the spell of the preacher.

The subject of Dr. Punshon's sermon concerned the relation of a personal Christ to the cause of missions. The text comprised the well-remembered words from Isaiah: "Behold My servant whom I uphold," etc. We append the latter portion of the discourse:—

The Word which He has given us to proclaim, dear friends,—is it less mighty now than when, in the days of His flesh, He spoke it? Dare we commit ourselves to so faithless an avowal? What meant the Saviour when He said these words: "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." He spoke these words when the shadow of His passion was upon Him. He must have meant them. Has the meaning gone out of them now, or is it that the Church is so unused to wonder-working that they are to her as a sealed scroll? Is her faith so languid

that she cannot even rouse herself to take hold on offered power? Has she really brought herself to believe that her risen Master mocked us when He loved us most? Very shortly after He gave this prophecy, He stood with His disciples to give them their parting commission with special reference to their missionary work, and He made, as it would seem, significant allusion to these words again, as if indicating the sphere in which these greater works should be displayed. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," as if He had said, "I have wrought in the world of material. I give you to subjugate a different realm. Ye have to study the dynamics of the social and of the spiritual. But do not fear. Go forth in My strength, for I am Lord both of matter and of mind. I have healed the blind; I have raised the dead; ye shall lift the scales from the soul. Ye shall prophesy in the motionless valley until the dry bones are a living army. My works of healing were complete in themselves; yours, done in My name, shall be reproductive. The Bartimaeus to whom I gave sight could not give sight to other blind; nor could Lazarus, whom I raised, call others from the dead who had lain with him in the sepulchre; but the spirits whom ye shall call into the light and life of the Gospel shall cause other blind to see and other dead to live, and they in turn shall be prophets of Advent and of Easter unto generations that are yet unborn. The blind whom I made to see walked for a while in the world's beauty, and their eyes were again blinded in death. It was only a brief extension of life which I gave to the ruler's daughter, or to the young man whom, at the gates of the city of Nain, I delivered alive to his mother. In a few more years death claimed them again, and the second time I did not interpose. But those whom ye win and save shall never die, but shall be heirs of the immortality which is brought to light by the Gospel; and thus those are greater works than these—greater because wrought in a higher kingdom; greater because of a higher order; greater because they last through the infinity of years."

Brethren, we have this, too, and we are the chosen and covenanted inheritors of this power. God forgive us that we have not used it more—that we have been misers of it in our celled houses, or spendthrifts of it in things that have neither profited ourselves nor blessed the world. Brethren, we must all amend if we would not be betrayers of the most solemn trust that was ever confided to men. You are about to take your departure from this consecrated house of prayer. Take a new departure in your effort, and in your zeal, and in your sacrifice. Oh, to live in the light of the great pattern of all service—that habitual communion with heaven which deepens our humility, and exalts our confidence, and prevents our activity from becoming the chiefest source of our peril! That keen insight into woe and sin and difficulty, which keeps compassion tender, and prompts the pity to become help and rescue; that all-generous sympathy which is not afraid of soiling its garments—which shrinks not from contact with the foulness which it seeks to cleanse; which would not hesitate, if need were, to stretch itself lip to lip upon a corpse that it might live. These characteristics of Jesus; oh, to have them translated into the manner, but yet sincere, expressions of our own lives! Thus shall we evidence the faith which works by love. Nothing else will be motive high enough. Romance is soon brushed off. Profound emotion indurates the heart. Impulse is frail and destructible as the web of the gossamer. The plaint of the dark and of the dying, wrung from breaking hearts with terrible earnestness, becomes fainter as it travels, and, before it reaches us, the hum of business drowns it; and traffic, and ambition, and pleasure, clatter in our streets as loudly as if no heaven were in danger, and as if no Christ had died. If we have faith, and if we see Jesus, and if we see the world as He saw it, and as He knows He will see it by and by, this motive will be mighty enough for the work, and we shall gird ourselves afresh to do it. Dear brethren, the summons is to you—to all of you. I would remind you of your glorious ancestry—the men who began the noble society under whose auspices you have gathered. Theirs was a faith without any buttress to it from missionary experience at all—a naked faith without any of those comely illustrations with which the history of the years has draped it, and by this naked faith they wrought in love until they awoke a slumbering Church, and made the Divine command a living power, and pressed to the happy solution of great problems, and made their days a round of happy usefulness, until, unwittingly, their names became famous, and they are handed down to us glorified. And how that love, and how that faith, the same faith, sustained them as they neared their Sabbath rest!

We seem to hear some of their spirit-words still—John Eyre asking in his sublime negation of death, "Who would not die to be raised up by such a Saviour?" and Lambert, of Hull, singing in the fullness of his strong consolation, "I am in the valley, but the staff supports me, and the rod points straight forward;" David Bogue sublimely striving in his latest prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Let all nations call the Saviour blessed, and the whole earth be filled with His glory;" and then adding archly, "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended;" Rowland Hill, of whom this place is a perpetual memory, sitting in his mellow age as in the Beulah land, with all the weapons that he wielded so sturdily hung disused upon the wall, beyond the region of the strife, beyond the region of the shadow, giving his quaint and quiet testimony: "God is letting me down gently into the grave, and I shall creep into heaven through a crevice in the door." Oh, let these memories inspire you! We of this age are but the reapers—the receivers—for the Lord of the harvest, of the crops which sprung from the seed they sowed so painfully. Ours is an ampler field to-day. You are all—called to work in it—the young with their ardor and enthusiasm, with their hope which springs elastic from depression, with their fresh affections glowing after God; the strong man, ripe and wise, and noblest of our Israel; the fathers who sit upon the summits of their honored age and who are so much nearer heaven, but who still, like Moses in the field of Amalek, and for the same reason, too, can rule the fortunes of the war; the rich with their cheerful drachmas of sacrifice; the scholar with his subtlest learning; the peasant with his simplest faith. Every man's tribute of manliness; every woman's spikenard of ordained praise—there is room for all, there is work for all, there is recompense for all. I charge you, answer to the call! I do not come to exact a constrained exertion, or a grudging bounty. I speak to a willing people, proud, with a not unholo pride, of the citizenship of Zion. Oh, if there be anything binding in duty, if there be anything tender in love, if there be anything appalling in the world's ruin, if there be anything brightening in the assurance of success, if there be anything constraining (grand climactic of all argument) in the love of Christ, all combine to urge you to the resolve for which you are surely ready, clasping the consecrated cross the while—

"Here, then, to Thee thy own I leave,
Mould as Thou wilt thy passive clay,
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die."

FORSTER'S LIFE OF SWIFT.

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.

FIRST PAPER.

It seems probable that, in spite of some rumors to the contrary, Mr. Forster's last and most important biography must remain a fragment. It is understood that he had collected and arranged all his materials, but that no part of the two remaining volumes that were to complete the life had been prepared for the press before his death; it is hardly to be expected that any other hand will be willing to finish his work. The loss is to be deeply regretted. The personal history of Swift is stranger than romance, and his political influence, during the last years of Anne's reign, was probably greater than that of any other man in England. But while there are few lives better worth the telling, there are few that have been so unsatisfactorily told. The brief sketches written about the middle of the last century by Orrey, Dean Swift, Hawkesworth and Sheridan, are meagre and unreliable, and Johnson's biography—in that catalog, *The Lives of the Poets*—is a fair example of the great Doctor's stout dogmatism on slender fact. Scott's *Life* is written with sympathy, and is decidedly the best account of Swift we have; but it was too hastily put together to give permanent satisfaction. Mr. Forster was not without qualities which fitted him to supply this need. He was not, indeed, the best possible biographer. He rarely succeeded in gaining such a perfect mastery over his facts as to marshal them into an easy and flowing narrative; he often assumed a kind of forced familiarity with his reader which lowered the dignity of his story without increasing its liveliness; and his style is now and then very slovenly. But, on the other hand, he was always careful, accurate, conscientious. Intending the *Life of Swift* to be his crowning work, he had patiently gathered during a dozen years past much valuable material unknown to previous biographers. This material he uses to good advantage, in his first volume, to upset some prevalent statements about Swift—such, for

instance, as that he was an unusually poor scholar at Dublin, and occupied a menial position in the household of Sir William Temple. But it is evident that Mr. Forster aimed to do much more than to correct some mistakes as to matters of fact in the life of Swift; he aimed at nothing less than a complete reversal of the general decision upon the character of the great Dean. His book was to be not merely a life, but a defence. At the outset, he denounces the common estimate of Swift as monstrous and incredible, and to be excused only on the ground of a widespread ignorance of the facts in the case.

It is certainly true that Swift never taken any hold upon the sympathies of his readers. No English author who is admired so much is loved so little. He has had his share of hard names. Jeffrey, in the famous review of Scott's *Life*, calls him "an apostate in politics, indomitable in religion, a defamer of humanity." "The haughtiest, the most vindictive, the most despot of men," is the verdict of Macaulay. "He had," says Earl Stanhope, "a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature—for they were his own." He gets from Thackeray such mild epithets as "ogre, bully, outlaw, yahoo." The charges upon which this rather savage verdict is based may probably be summed up in four: 1. Want of respect, in his conduct, speech, and companionships, for the sacred office which he occupied. 2. Selfishness and insincerity in politics. 3. Heartlessness and cruelty to Esther Johnson and Hester Vanhomrigh. 4. An unchristian and unmanly distrust of his fellow-men, darkening, in his later years, into a black misanthropy. The first two of these counts against Swift are supported mainly by facts within the years covered by Mr. Forster's first volume. He hardly thinks he has met them. He has, indeed, called our attention to Swift's frequent acts of kindness and generosity that may, in a measure, palliate his offenses, and to the origin and growth of that mental disease that no doubt ought to excuse some of the worst of them. But we fail to see that he has given us any facts to necessitate a radical change in our estimate of the great Dean.

The religious character of Swift has never recovered from the suspicion cast upon it by his first great work. *The Tale of a Tub* is, perhaps, the most keen and telling satire in the English language; but the world has generally agreed with Queen Anne that the man who could write it was not a man to wear the Bishop's lawn. His gross indecencies Mr. Forster is compelled to admit; nor can his plea of sincerity in intention excuse the ruthless handling of sacred subjects which shocks us throughout all the book. In fact, it seems more than doubtful whether the work was originally written, as Swift claimed in the "Apology," in defence of the English Church. But, be this as it may, its coarse and bitter ridicule of almost all forms of religious belief and practice, its utter want of reverence, show clearly enough that its author had little feeling for the sanctity of any faith. The high themes of religion do not find their appropriate instrument of defence in satire—least of all, in a satire so Rabelaisian as Swift's. The fact that the book was eagerly commended by Voltaire shows plainly enough the drift of its tendency. There is no excuse for Swift, save one that implies a grave defect in his moral constitution. He seems to have been by nature almost entirely without delicacy and without reverence. To the beautiful and the awful he was alike blind. To the one woman that had his best affection he could cooily write passages too gross to be printed; and there was never any power so august, any goodness so reverend, as to command from him a feeling of awe. And what is true of the *Tale of a Tub* is true, in some measure, of his correspondence and all his other writings. It is impossible to read them without feeling that Swift had no proper appreciation of the claims of the sacred office which he held. He entered the Church because he thought he found there the shortest road to honor and preferment. Most of his exertions within the sphere of his official duty were prompted either by selfish motives or by a desire to advance the merely secular interests of the Church. In its higher spiritual wants he had little interest. Of such interest there was certainly need enough. All good men of his time were mourning over the decline of religion. Bishop Butler said in the well-known *Preface to the Analogy*: "It is come to be taken for granted that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry;" Bishop Burnet, a little earlier, complained that "the body of our clergy seem dead;" Bishop Atterbury, in a memorial to the Queen, in 1711, declares "the growth of immorality and profaneness is painfully manifest, and adds regard to religious persons and things hath scarce in any age been more wanting;"

Berkely, Waterland, Gibson, all echo the same complaint. To all these men—with the possible exception of Atterbury—the decay of piety and sound doctrine was a source of constant and painful apprehension, and they devoted all their energies to stay, by argument, by exhortation, by example, the encroaching tide of indifference and skepticism.

To this state of affairs, Swift was not, indeed, insensible, and in the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, he describes it in the plainest terms; but it obviously caused him vexation rather than godly sorrow. He had little faith in the power of the Gospel to change and renew the individual character. Christianity as a philosophical scheme, and as a formulated code of ethics, he admired and defended; but of Christianity as a power to console, to inspire, to uplift, he knew—or, at least, he said—but little. We can hardly share Mr. Forster's admiration for the *Project*. It is a scheme for the legal suppression of vice and the enforcement of a pretence of piety upon those holding government offices—a beggarly plan for cleansing the outside of the cup and platter. The impression it made upon its readers may be judged from the lively comment of Steele in the *Tatler*: "The man writes like a gentleman and goes to heaven with a very good mien." It is in this tract that Swift inveighs eagerly against trusting with high office men who are loose in morals or skeptical in religion; but within six months of that time he himself became the constant and intimate friend of Bolingbroke, the most notorious rake and Deist of his age, and gave to his administration all his own unparalleled ability as a pamphleteer. In fact, almost all the special friendships of Swift's life were with persons of doubtful religious character. One looks through all his correspondence in vain for any hearty expression of that Christian sympathy and fellowship in the love of the Gospel which it is the high privilege of the sacred teacher to realize and inculcate.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Two of the Exposition buildings are to remain permanently to ornament the grounds, and to be a lasting memorial of the Centennial year. The Main Building will be taken down; the Machinery Hall also will disappear at the end of the six months' Exhibition; but the Memorial Hall, or Art Gallery, is built of gray granite, and built with a view to permanency. The Horticultural Hall, also, is to remain, and its great beauty and elaborateness of decoration are largely due to that fact. Into this structure, enter marbles and fine tile and brick-work, while externally it seems to be all of iron and glass. It is a gigantic Crystal Palace and enough of an Exhibition in itself. The entrances are very beautiful, and the interior is light and graceful. The building is less than four hundred feet long, and less than one hundred feet wide; but its effect is sufficient to warrant one in inviting the tropics with all their luxuriance of foliage, and glory of plant-life, to immediately move in. The centre is one great conservatory lighted by a lantern one hundred and seventy feet long, and heated from the immense apparatus in the basement. One pleasant feature of the building is a gallery running entirely around the conservatory about twenty feet from the floor, which gives one uninterrupted opportunity to stroll almost among the flowers while enjoying all below at the same time. It will be a bewildering world of beauty and fragrance, and an infinite delight and rest to the senses after one is tired with the work of men's hands, and the soul is ready to enjoy the ministry of that which is fresh from the touch of the sun and the dew.

Much less elegant in design and workmanship is the great Agricultural Hall, which, with the four above mentioned, makes the five principal buildings comprehended in the original purpose of the Exposition. All the others have grown out of the fact that these proved inadequate for their needs, or out of the new needs that suggested themselves as the years brought the work nearer completion.

The Agricultural Hall is more than twice the length of the Horticultural, being more than eight hundred feet in length, and more than five hundred feet wide. It covers an area of more than ten acres. It is less a little world of grace and beauty than its half Moorish neighbor, but it impresses one who stands on either transept like an immense cathedral, and only needs stillness and sombre shadows to render the effect both as impressively solemn as many of the old cathedrals beyond the sea, where one walks with uncovered head and talks in a subdued undertone. It is hard to associate such a place with the display of cabbages and onions; with horse-races and tests of strength of mules; with ploughing matches and shows of swine. Yet with these very

purposes it is identified, and all of these interests will have their opportunity to show, at their best, during the autumn months. The poultry show occurs late of all; the dog, and goat, and sheep display comes late in September; the horned cattle early in the same month; and the horse-races, for which a special track is provided, are to occur late in the season, also.

It is utterly impossible to mention in detail each of the one hundred and ninety-five buildings remaining, though each one, or each group, has its special office and relation to the whole, and should, therefore, have its share of attention. When one discovers what shanties some of the structures are that are dignified on maps and plans by names suggestive of important uses, one realizes that there are many utterly unworthy the stroke of a pen; while others are such indications of the taste and enterprise of the builders, as make them worthy more eloquent paragraphs than I can bestow.

Next to the five on which I have dwelt at some length, as embodying the grand Centennial idea, or planning the Government Building, or as it is frequently called, the United States Building, and the Women's Pavilion. The first mentioned takes its place beside the buildings erected by other governments, such as the British, the German, the Brazilian, the Japanese, Swedish and Turkish government buildings. There is no room for a comparison in so limited space, but our own building certainly does credit to the government that spent upon it many thousands of dollars, and represents in it the best efforts of her war, treasury, navy, interior, and post-office departments; besides having transferred to it the cream of the Smithsonian Institute. It is a spot where Americans may linger with real pride and delight, though the guns about the door do not invite approach. Their great mouths are pointed rather threateningly toward the little Women's Pavilion opposite, which seemed to have set itself down on its one acre of ground with a clean apron on, hung out as big a flag as its mightier neighbors, and settled itself with an air of "having come to stay," that could not be mistaken. We must take another day to go inside, but give the little visitor a warm welcome in passing. The thirty thousand dollars subscribed by the American women for the building could hardly have been more wisely expended than in rearing this tasteful and beautiful structure for the display of her own inventive genius, and her exquisite and delicate workmanship.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

[Continued.]

CHINA.

Area 5,642 square feet. The display is complete, and consists of silks, pottery, porcelain, carved woods, bronzes, etc. The pavilion is interesting to see because of its Oriental appearance.

EGYPT.

Area 5,022 square feet. Egypt exhibits fancy articles made by the hands of wandering Arabs, plaster casts of her celebrated monuments, busts and statues, curious and musty old manuscripts in Coptic, Arabic and Hebrew hieroglyphics, cabinet ware of exquisite workmanship, household utensils and weapons used by the natives of the interior of Soudan, in a pavilion which is a perfect model of the ancient Egyptian temple.

DENMARK.

Area 2,510 square feet. This section is enclosed in a neat pavilion bearing the Danish coat of arms. Terra-cotta ware forms the principal exhibit. There are also gloves, skins, furs and cordials.

CHILI.

A rectangular enclosure containing 28,238 square feet, and having a beautiful pagoda at one end, is where Chili displays all those exhibits which received rewards of merit at the late fair in Santiago. Manufactures, stuffed llama and cougar hides, old pottery, and minerals from the Andes, constitute the principal portion of the exhibit.

PERU.

Peru has a space of 1,462.5 square feet, enclosed in a very pretty pavilion. Card-tables and checker-boards beautifully inlaid, cigars, paintings and silver ware are nearly all worthy of note.

ORANGE FREE STATE.

Area 1,057.5 square feet. Diamonds in a rough state, minerals, ivory, hand-made harness, ostrich feathers, wool, hides, and specimens of curious wood are the attractions in this portion of the building.

With this country the visitor finishes the Main Building. One of the interesting features of a day spent here is the music rendered by Gilmore's New York band.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN INDIA.

While in England, I had heard doubts expressed as to the reality of any conversions in India. In some quarters it has been almost a conventional thing to

represent missions in India as a failure—a vain expenditure of money and strength. A view of the congregation assembled in the mission church of Umritsur might suffice to remove such an apprehension. White and dark Christians stood up together to repeat the sublime words of the Creed; white and dark Christians knelt side by side to receive the consecrated elements from ordained native pastors, once Mohammedans. It is true that when we quitted the church, those who had gathered within it appeared but as a little flock compared with the multitudes of heathen who thronged the roads, gay and glittering with flags and decorations. But the little flock is increasing in numbers. I have myself witnessed three baptisms of adults in Umritsur in less than eight weeks, and more inquirers are coming forward. Many of those who have joined the Church have done so in the face of difficulties and opposition which might have daunted many a British professor. A young convert was pointed out to me not long ago, who had been made to stand in *koiling oil* by his own father, until the skin was burnt off the poor lad's feet, in order to dissuade him from going forth to join the Christians. What trials tender sensitive women have to undergo in the seclusion of their zenanas, must be partly left to imagination to depict. I know of one at this moment eager for baptism, to whom her own husband at one time would give no food!

Punjab. A. L. O. R.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

BY REV. J. W. BUTLER.

DEAR DOCTOR: As the mail for the States leaves this evening, I have not time to write a long letter now; but I want to tell you something of the latest advance movement of our work. It has been one of the most successful, and is certainly most encouraging. In my last I told you about our farewell missionary meeting, and about the departure of Brothers Craver and Siberts, with their wives, to the interior. It is now only six weeks since the native preachers joined them in Guanajuato, and in a quiet way, began Protestant services. No public notices were given. A few who had found their way to the missionary's house, in search of Bibles and tracts, were invited to a sort of family service which was held in Brother Craver's parlor. They were asked to return another evening. They did so; but brought with them several others, who were likewise anxious to hear concerning this "new way."

The second week the rooms adjoining the parlor were thrown open to accommodate the increasing attendance. The fourth week, a large hall had to be rented to admit a congregation of over a hundred and fifty anxious seekers after truth. There was nothing of a sensational or controversial character to draw these people. Two humble native Mexican preachers, one from the shoemaker's bench, the other from the goldsmith's, with very little education besides that which they received from the Holy Ghost, read to them the Word of God and explained it as best they knew how. Surely the Lord has worked with them, "confirming the word with signs following."

The latest news from the brethren is very encouraging, and bespeaks a bright future for the cause in Guanajuato. The genuineness of the work may be judged from an incident which I learn from Brother Siberts' letter. He speaks of several young men, from the State College, who have been regularly attending the services. "One of these especially," he says, "I think knows what it is to be 'born again.'" He then speaks of his faithfulness in the face of continued opposition. His uncle and aunt, with whom he boarded, have disowned him; the former telling him "your mother gave to light a *woman*, not an *animal*." His college "chum" refuses all intercourse with him. But this is not all; his profession has cost him more still. That one who had plighted to his hand and heart for life, now, for no other reason than that of his religious profession, takes back her sacred word, making his cross heavier and heavier to carry. But he is firm to his convictions, and God will surely make all up to him in some future day.

By this, and other incidents which might be mentioned, it will be seen that our native converts here know what it is "to leave all and follow Jesus." A word in conclusion. Our Superintendent [Rev. Dr. Butler] left this city yesterday to visit the States. In a short time he will (D. V.) be with you in Boston. From him you will hear of our precious cause, its opportunities, and its needs.

Mexico, May 16, 1876.

Herodotus relates an Egyptian custom of carrying about to the guests after a feast, a coffin containing a modern image of a corpse, and of saying to each as it was presented, "Gaze here and die and be merry; for when you drink will you be."

FRATERNAL DELEGATES

TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH.

BY REV. J. J. LANSING.

Among the interesting notes belonging to this period of General Conference, not the least significant pertains to the fraternal greeting conveyed by the General Conference in Baltimore to the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, now assembled in Atlanta. The latter body, representing 200,000 members, and Church interests extending to all sections of the United States, is one of the most interesting in the country. Its membership is mostly made up of Afro-Americans, though it includes some of pure Caucasian blood.

I am not aware that any other Church besides our own has sent fraternal messengers of fraternity to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, yet the exceedingly cordial greetings interchanged at Atlanta, demonstrate that our African brethren know both how to receive and how to respond to expressions of brotherly love.

Our delegates were well chosen. Rev. David Sherman, D. D., of the New England Conference, a life-long friend of the colored people, appropriately represented New England and the Methodist Episcopal Church to these brethren. And none the less happy was the selection of Rev. J. C. Tate, of the Holston Conference, a man who has shared the pains of slavery and the joys of emancipation with many preachers and members of the African Church. Dr. Sherman, with his light complexion, gray hair and beard, his dignified form, and calm, benignant manner, represented not only the wise intelligence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but the gathering spirit of benediction which all good men entertain toward the suffering colored people; while Brother Tate, with his stalwart build, black face, royal presence, and strong sense, seems like a prophet of the future glory, which already begins to emerge from the dark and dreadful past.

The delegates were formally received by the Conference at 12.30 p. m., on Friday, May 12. They were presented to Bishop Payne, the presiding officer, by the chairman of the reception committee, Rev. Dr. Tanner, editor of the *Christian Recorder*.

Dr. Sherman first addressed the Conference, and so much did they appreciate his speech, that he was earnestly requested to furnish a copy to be published in their General Conference Minutes.

He began by referring to their common origin as Methodists. Our mission, he said, has been largely to the poor, and these poor have been prospered under our ministry until they have become rich in money and intelligence. He dwelt on the educational work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, her liberal provision for the diffusion of knowledge among ministers and people; and while the number of educated ministers is very rapidly increasing, he could say, in truth, that their piety and usefulness did not diminish.

In speaking specially as a bearer of fraternal messages, he assured them that the old mother Church had kept the room which her eldest daughter (the A. M. E. Church) left, and had suffered no one to occupy it. Still the room was waiting, and he cordially urged them to come and possess it. If you cannot yet see your way clear to do that, at least move up into the yard, as near us as you can. The trivial distinction of color was rapidly fading away in the North, and he was cheered with the hope that it would soon cease to trouble the Church of God. Dr. Sherman's remarks were at once brotherly and judicious, an unexpected declaration of Christian fellowship.

Brother Tate being next introduced, said that he was surprised at the honor which the Church had conferred upon him, in the unexpected appointment which called him from the plough-handles to this responsible position. He knew not why they had chosen him, unless because he had been thrice sold on the block, and excepting three days at Sunday-school, had been wholly denied the privileges of school education. Perhaps, also, the color of his skin was a reason. There was no dispute when he was born. He was a Simon-pure negro.

He loved his Church, but he also loved the whole brotherhood in Jesus Christ. The colored men had been used to listening to the white men, and then cheating them. It was well, therefore, that he was there to confirm all that his distinguished colleague had said. While Brother Sherman was their Aaron, he, the speaker, would be their Moses, to lead them back to the "old mother Church." He must confess that not all the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church love the colored people. Some of them are very tender-footed and limp badly. There is some talk about a color line; but, yet, there are in the old Church many good and true men—our chosen friends—enough to steer the old ship safely, by the blessing of God. "Come on board, brethren!" He had come back to live in the "big house." And if the brethren of the African Church would not yet come, he hoped with Dr. Sherman, that they would move up as near as they could. Brother Tate's address was received with frequent applause, much more deserved than our brief sketch can show.

Immediately, as he sat down, a resolution on fraternity was presented by a member of the Conference, and adopted by a rising vote.

The Conference called on Bishop Ward to reply. He alluded to the growth of the African Church without the help of wealth, education, literature or social position, and declared their intention to get all the black members, if they could.

Bishop Payne, the revered senior Bishop, followed in a most fitting strain. He was born in the mother Church, whose representatives he joyfully greeted to-day. In that Church his father was a class-leader, and from it, went home to heaven. In the same Church, the Bishop was converted; from its officers he had received his license to preach, and the instructions which made him a preacher. He loved and should always love the old Methodist Episcopal Church, and should hail the day when we are all one Methodism. He paid a glowing tribute to the delegates present with us to-day, who were both noble men of God, and closed with the elevated sentiment that, by the grace of God, he had lost his love for race in his love of man. All were dear to him, as the redeemed children of the Lord.

He was followed by Bishop Campbell, who, being called out by the Conference, responded, briefly reviewing the circumstances of the hour and the history of the Church, declaring that African Methodism was not a secession from the "mother Church." Its founders had no intention of forming a separate Church. He closed with the admirable declaration that at the time the Methodist Episcopal Church would receive them as men, the cruel and hateful spirit of caste would be cast out of the Church; then, and not till then, could the African Methodist Episcopal Church respond to the invitation and unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Each of the Bishops spoke eloquently, and judging from the applause, they expressed the feelings of the whole Conference.

In the course of the hour, on motion of Rev. Mr. Turner, of Georgia, Rev. Dr. Evans, a Presiding Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was invited to address the Conference. Dr. Evans arose, and, stepping to the platform, excused himself from saying anything, never once by word or sign recognizing the presence of the delegates of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And here we may add, that neither Rev. Mr. Evans, nor any other minister or member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at any time during the sojourn of our delegates, showed them the slightest attention or respect. This is wholly in keeping with their almost unvarying policy.

On Sabbath morning Dr. Sherman preached before the Conference, to their great satisfaction and edification; and Brother Tate was no less cordially heard in the afternoon. At night, they were both at Loyd Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where Dr. Sherman preached instructively, and was followed by Brother Tate, with words of confirmation and exhortation.

Brother Tate left Atlanta on Monday, the 14th inst., for Baltimore via Richmond; and on Tuesday morning Dr. Sherman returned via Chattanooga. As the first delegate was your own worthy Dr. Sherman, I am sure this account will have double interest to New England people; and I must add for New England eyes and New England hearts, that he enjoyed his presence exceedingly. He is a man of just the right type to send South. From first to last he never flinched, and I assure you that this is no mean compliment. Not every man in the Church would have done as he did, in the city where Bishop Haven was so fiercely cursed for riding out with a colored man.

On the same day that the delegates were received, May 12th, in the afternoon, I took both our representatives out for a ride about the city. They sat together on the rear seat, and I on the front as driver. Scores and hundreds of people, young and old, gave us unbecoming attention. They ran to doors and windows, they stopped their conversation and laughed, sneered and hooted at the remarkable sight of a colored man receiving with a white man the treatment ordinarily accorded to manhood. They had seen, hundreds of times, a colored man on the front seat, beside the ladies and gentlemen of the land, and thought nothing of it, because the colored man was there as a servant. But the difference between a colored driver on the front seat and a colored man on the rear seat, though in inches it measured not more than twenty-five, in the years which mark the distance between the civilization of slavery and the civilization of freedom, it marked twenty-five.

In the social space, symbolized by the distance between the back and front seats of the carriage, is being fought the greatest struggle of the age. Brother Sherman did more for the kingdom of Christ by riding thus quietly as an equal, beside his black brother, than could be done by many sermons from weak-kneed Churchmen on the brotherhood of man. We were loath to part with him, and so were our people. The like of him may be the Church send South again!

The visit of these delegates, their able accomplishment of the mission assigned them by the General Conference, the cordial greeting of the body to which they came, and their ministrations of the word of the Gospel, will be a means of grace to both Churches. The mainly self-respect of the African Methodist Episcopal Conference was only equalled by the good judgment and pious behavior of the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The right men were sent. The mission was worthy of them, creditable to their Church, and for the glory of God.

NOTES FROM OVER THE SEA.

BY OCCASIONAL.

At a meeting of the English Presbyterian Presbytery of London, a lengthy and animated discussion took place on a motion of Dr. Chalmers that a committee be appointed to confer with a Mr. Reuter of the German Evangelical Church, who sought ordination. It appeared that the Free Church of Scotland had refused ordination to Mr. Reuter because they did not see the prudence or propriety of setting up a Church in opposition to the Lutheran Church. Dr. Chalmers said that the English Presbyterian Church could do what the Free Church of Scotland could not. "Thank God," said he, "we are freer than the Free Church because we have no such conflicting elements as exist in that body tying up their hands." A committee was ultimately appointed. According to official statement, the income of the United Presbyterian Church for the past year amounts to £91,760. Of this sum, £38,816 has been contributed for foreign missions, £56,000 for home missions, the remainder being divided among the various schemes of the Church. The *Christian World*, referring to the meetings of the London Presbytery, says of the *Weekly Review*: "One weekly newspaper, as usual, stole the report from the *Christian World*, and in altering the reading to disguise the theft attributed wrong statements to certain speakers." The *Christian World* is about as dishonest a paper in its position and relations as could possibly exist. It professes to represent Orthodox Christianity, but it has nothing but sneers and opposition (couched and covered when mercenary expediency counsels caution and craft; but open and outspoken when its financial interests are not likely to be affected) for any one who feels himself called upon, in these days of doctrinal laxity, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." I can understand the largest liberality in a religious paper in dealing with current theological and Biblical questions, and I can sympathize with those earnest and honest scholars who would modify and enlarge the letter as well as the report of the standards; but I can command neither respect nor sympathy for a professedly Christian paper, claiming to represent the various evangelical denominations, doing for a penny what Judas did for thirty pieces of silver, and that, too, without the after remorse which sent the primitive betrayer to his own place. Trading in religion is the nearest and most disreputable of all kinds. And the "hail, Master!" which signals and precludes the sale of the Holy One—incarnation absolute Truth and Love—is a salutation covering the blackest of sins.

The monthlies of the United Free Churches and the Methodist New Connection for April are excellent. The President of the former body argues strongly and earnestly for a revision of the Hymn-book used by the Methodist Free Churches, and produces many examples of objectionable expressions. I think it would have been well if all the minor branches of Methodists had kept to the old Hymn-book of the mother Church after they were driven out and left her communion. The Primitive Methodists have a Hymn-book of their own; it is peculiarly and characteristically theirs. It contains many hymns of their own ministers, and some by Hugh Bourne, the founder of the denomination. Bourne was a sensible, laborious, useful man, but he was not an agitator. If so, he might have increased the number of his followers at first by using the injudicious arbitrariness, which removed him from the Wesleyan Church, as a text for appeal to popular sympathy. His quiet, plodding, zealous course under circumstances which might have furnished a plausible plea for a different line of conduct, is worthy of all commendation; and the spirit which animated and controlled him has been the predominant inspiration under which Primitive Methodist ministers have always labored. They took no part in any controversy which rent Wesleyanism. They kept aloof from the Warren agitation and avoided the stormy discussions of 1849 and subsequent years. But, however excellent, exemplary and devoted, Bourne was, he was no poet. His pieces are wretched doggerel. No Hymn-book in existence requires thorough, wholesale revision so much as the Primitive Methodist Hymn-book. One Hymn-book for Methodists the world over is what should be aimed at.

An ex-President in the New Connection Magazine pleads ably for an increase in the annuities for supernumerary preachers and the widows of preachers. He concludes an excellent article thus: "The practical result desired—a higher scale of annuities—might be secured by an addition of £250 or £300, as the annual income of the funds which could probably be obtained by new and increased subscriptions; but it would be much the better way to provide, at least, one half of the amount required by a permanent addition to the capital of the fund." All Churches should provide an ample competence for their aged ministers and their widows.

Alexander McArthur, M. P., presided at the Wesleyan missionary meeting in Exeter Hall the 1st of May. The income of the Society for the year just ended has reached the large sum of £184,000. The preacher from outside bodies for the year is a distinguished Baptist minister of London—the Rev. W. Landels, D. D. Dr. Landels was cradled and trained in Primitive Methodism.

Let us do whatever Jesus would have us do, sincerely, looking up and saying, "I am doing this for Thee;" and in proportion as we elevate humanity are we like the Master.

WHICH ONE?

BY REV. J. M. DURRELL.

In capital operations of surgery, it sometimes occurs that though the patient is in sound mind and of fair general health, the removal of a diseased part becomes necessary to prevent the spread of what must ultimately be fatal. The peculiarity of these cases is occasionally greater than those of a successful operation. The choice is then between sure death from the spread of the disease, and the small chances for a favorable termination of the operation.

To most people, there is something terrible in coolly walking up to the surgeon's table and looking death in the face. The keen-edged and glittering instruments, the conception of divided muscles, flowing blood, and the possibility of never waking from the anæsthetic sleep induced by sulphuric ether, are repelling to the feelings. But when with a full understanding of these things, a man calmly places himself in position for the surgeon's knife, with the words on his lip, "To live is to live for Christ, and to die is gain," the value of religion is brought to a practical test. It was under circumstances like these that a warm friend of the writer, Daniel Johnson, of Bridgewater, N. H., a young man well-known in that vicinity as a class-leader in the Methodist Church, and as a Representative of his town in the State Legislature, placed himself in the hands of the experienced surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital a short time since.

A vascular disease of the right superior maxillary bone necessitated the removal of that side of his upper jaw. A few days before he entered the hospital, he said to me: "I have no fear of the result. My peace is made with Christ." The mallet and chisel, even in the skillful hands of Dr. Bigelow, could not reach the extent of the affection; for it had already spread through the adjacent bones from the brain to the throat. He lingered for a few days, and then death began to draw its curtains about him.

"Let me go," said he to an attendant, who, thinking he was out of his reason and wished to go to the window on the opposite side of the room, gently held him in bed. "Let me go. You don't understand. I want to go over there. Don't you know? Over there with the Apostles and Jesus! There is where I want to go!"

Face to face with death thought the attendant; but the son's eye saw not the Prince of Shadows, his spirit was to face to face with the Prince of Glory. Ah, the Christian never sees death! When the visitor knocks, Christ stands between the King of Terrors and the expiring saint. God's Son wraps His robe about the believer as he quits the shattered tenement and bears him to "a house not built with hands."

Young man, a word to you! No surgeon's knife may ever touch a tissue of your body, but can you hope to escape death? The sands of life may run out this year; possibly this month. It may be the summons has already gone forth—"This night thy soul shall be required of thee." In the hour when the dark wing hovers over the threshold, with which will you be face to face? With death, alone and unprepared, or with a reconciled Saviour? Friend, with which one?

MAY 12, 1831, AND MAY 12, 1876.

BY REV. T. HILL.

Brother Osborn, in alluding to Norway, Ct., in a late *HERALD*, carried me back forty-five years, and with your permission, I will relate a scrap of my experience. It was in that very old Methodist meeting-house, built mostly by Father Day, that God for Christ's sake forgave my sins, and made me a new creature forty-five years ago this blessed day, the 12th of May, 1831. "Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." What a day to me! The Holy Spirit met me in the shop at work. The words, "Prepare to meet thy God," dropped into my soul with as distinct a voice as I ever heard from my mother. I was a changed man. I thought as never before. Mother came up in those thoughts, and also the remembrance of her slighted love and abused counsels. Oh, the sting, the bitterness, and self-upbraiding! God and His goodness to me in my ingratitude opened the fountain afresh. "I found trouble and anguish." As I went to my dinner, I stopped, and lifting my hand, said, "If there is a God and anything in religion, and He will help me, I will have it."

Nightfall found me in the graveyard thinking deeply of death and what was beyond. I left, and wandered I knew not where, but brought up at old Father Day's meeting-house. J. N. Maffitt was holding meetings, and I witnessed a sight which was entirely new to me—the going forward for prayers. Members went, but I did not feel as though it was for me. A young man came to me and asked if I felt the need of religion. I said I did. "Would you not like to go forward with the others?" "If you think it best, I will." "I do," said he. I went without a cross, not knowing the results. I fell upon my knees, and then my hard heart broke, as it seemed, into a thousand pieces—the great depth of soul, mind, and heart was shaken by a whirlwind and tempest of godly sorrow. I wept as never before.

The next day I was at the meeting early; was first at the altar, and, as I judged, lay there three long hours, a poor sin-stricken sinner, with a mountain load of guilt, expecting the floor would open and let me into hell. A

merciful God permitted me to feel His anger, and opened to my astonished soul the end of the wicked—an endless hell. When I cried to God in the name of Christ, my load of guilt fell, and I felt as light as air.

It was soon noised abroad that the Methodist had caught me. It was a mile to where I worked, and down came Brother King to see if it was so. He found that it was, and I found I had been caught in good company. God soon baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, and thus put me into the first brigade. Father Day was on the wharf when I left Norway for home, and he took me by the hand and gave me a good word, a Godspeed, a Methodist grip, and a good-bye, and I was gone. The forty-fifth birthday finds me with hair whitened, but with heart as young as then. No dry rot in this building, thank God! I am in the vine—abiding.

West Waterville.

HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

The famous Eddystone Light-house off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way, of wood, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from its lofty balcony, used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder. It was built a second time of wood and stone, by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames. Next the great Smeaton was called in. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock, as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put, "Except the Lord build it," and on its key-stone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "Laus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding up its beacon light to the storm-tossed mariner.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ, the Light, must be held up before men, or they will perish. Let us, then, place Him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But taking the word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble, trustful inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.

Our Book Table.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued another volume of the great CRITICAL, DOCTRINAL, AND HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY, on the bases of the German work of Lange, but revised and enlarged under the editorship of Dr. Philip Schaff, aided by many leading British and American Biblical scholars. The present volume, which is the second upon the Old Testament, embraces Exodus and Leviticus. The first book, which is introduced by a very extended and learned preface, is the work of Dr. John Peter Lange, himself, translated and annotated by Prof. Charles M. Mead, Ph.D., of Andover. Leviticus also has the commentary of Lange as its basis, but it has been revised and made well nigh an original exegesis of this very important book, by Dr. Frederick Gardner, of the Berkley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn. Like all the preceding volumes, it is an encyclopædia of exposition, illustration, criticism, and homiletic reflections. It is a full Biblical library in itself. The work has found warm appreciation from modern intelligent Sunday-school teachers.

Harper & Brothers issue the ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1875, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. He has been assisted by experts in the various departments of science and art. The record of the world's progress, and the description of the chief scientific investigations which have been carried on during the year, are so carefully classified and arranged that any field of inquiry can be readily turned to. The volume has also a full and thoroughly prepared index. It is one of those invaluable manuals that fills an indispensable place on the scholar's and writer's table.

From the same publishing house we have some historical monographs and literary miscellanies first prepared by John Richard Green, the very popular author of "A Short History of the English People," for *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review*. The handsome volume, which makes a quarto of 360 pages, is entitled STRAY STUDIES FROM ENGLAND AND ITALY. The work is what it purports to be; not a gathering of elaborate treatises, but such papers (all interesting, and some very valuable and instructive) as a cultivated scholar, in the departments of literature and history, would prepare for the pages of a substantial periodical. It makes a very attractive book.

Robert Carter & Brothers make a particularly interesting and valuable addition to our library of missionary literature in the handsome volume, which they have just republished, under the title of FORTY YEARS' MISSION WORK IN POLYNESIA AND NEW GUINEA, FROM 1835 TO 1875. It is written by Rev. A. W. Murray, of the London Missionary Society. The volume is finely illustrated with original wood engravings and with excellent maps. The great value of the volume, beyond its interesting personal incidents and its entertaining details of native and missionary life, and of successful evangelic work, is the testimony of an intelligent and conscientious eye-witness, for more than a human generation, to the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to both save and to civilize the lowest and most ignorant and superstitious classes of men. Christianity is not a mere theory, but a power that has saved souls to every one that believes. We cordially commend this excellent book to all our families. It will afford interesting material for many sermons and illustrations for missionary addresses.

A. S. Barnes & Co. publish, in a well-

printed octavo, the official, stenographic report of the PROCEEDINGS OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH. It makes a volume of nearly four hundred pages, and adds another contribution to the already voluminous and remarkable literature of this mysterious case. Would that it were the last, but we fear "there is more to follow." The price in paper is \$1.25; in cloth, \$2.00.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. made so happy a hit at the public taste in their beautiful "Bric-a-Brac Series," that they have been inspired to a new venture in the same direction. In a different, but equally tasteful and original style of publication, they issue the first volume of "The Sans-Souci Series." The work is happily chosen for the initial volume. It is HAYDEN'S LIFE LETTERS AND TABLE TALK. Richard Henry Stoddard edits this series, also. The volume has four illustrations—the heads of Hayden, Wilkie, Keats and Wordsworth. The cream of the life and conversation of the garrulous but delightful historical painter, as compiled from his autobiography and from the volumes of his many biographers, is gathered in this attractive little book. It will be one of the favorite summer volumes for vacation reading. It is a picture gallery of characteristic sketches of the literary and artistic circle in which he was a notable ornament.

The same house have issued two additional volumes of their "Epochal, Historical Series." The first is an excellent compendious history of THE GREEKS AND THE PERSIANS, illustrated with maps. This volume has been prepared by Rev. G. W. Cox, M. A., whose large work upon Greece has taken its place among the valuable academic text-books upon classical history. The second volume is THE FALL OF THE STUARTS, by Rev. E. Hale, M. A. It covers an interesting period in English history and its relation to Western Europe, from 1678 to 1697. The volume opens with a résumé of the political condition of Europe in the times of Louis XIV., of William of Orange, and of the "Popish Plot" in England, and closes with a summary of the condition of science and literature in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Like all its predecessors, it is admirable in conception, and worthy, in its execution, of the fine series in which it forms an important link.

Harper & Brothers issue another of their handsome, square quarto edition of the poets, finely illustrated with biographical sketches and annotations, as text-books for our high schools and academies, and for general reading. The present volume contains the SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY, and is edited by Wm. J. Rolfe, A. M., Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. It is an interesting volume. The "Elegy" is made specially attractive with its numerous illustrations.

Mr. Edward Abbott was impressed by a happy thought, when he entered upon the preparation of his paragraph histories of the United States and of the Revolution, and especially in the last volume, which has entitled REVOLUTIONARY TIMES; Sketches of Our Country, its People and their Ways. One Hundred Years Ago. This little manual has a fund of pertinent material for an hour, for writers, speakers, and story-tellers. He enables his reader very vividly to realize the actual condition of the country and its inhabitants at the beginning of the century. Roberts Brothers have published the volume in excellent taste.

The Congressional Publishing Society issue two new little bound tracts, worthy of a wide circulation, entitled WOMAN'S HIGH CALLING, and WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH. They are written by Mrs. Martha Tyler Gale.

Rev. Frank Sewall publishes, through the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., a volume of well-written and instructive sermons, entitled THE HEAVEN OF HIS GARMENT. Mr. Sewall is a respected minister of the New Church, and he discourses on the spiritual lessons that he finds in the life of our Lord.

THE SILENT HOUR, by E. P. Tenney, published by the Congressional Publishing Society, is a collection of five appropriate themes for reflection and address upon the death of Christians, or for conversation in the room of sickness on the eve of dissolution. The volume is remarkably fresh and thoughtful upon somewhat hackneyed topics.

The prices of preachers for children is Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. A dozen volumes of his inimitable, illustrated sermons have already been published. They are all fresh and delightful. Robert Carter & Brothers have just issued another. It is called RAYS FROM THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. It is full of sweetness and light for the little ones.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish a new Sunday-school collection of songs and tunes. It is named GOOD NEWS—a good name; but we should think appropriate names would, by-and-by, run out, as the books are "legion." This nice-looking volume, compiled by R. M. McIntosh, and has many things in it, new and old, that will attract our singers.

GENERAL CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

FIFTEENTH DAY—CONTINUED.

A. Burns.—In the sub-committee on Missions, the word "Secretary" or "Secretaries" did not occur until they were addressed afterwards. I move now that they be stricken out, because the intention was not to add the number of Secretaries, but rather to continue in the power of the Board what we understood it had always possessed—to call to its aid any assistance it might require. We used the word "assistance," not "assistants."

The Chair.—The motion is to strike out the words "Secretary" and "Secretaries," leaving the Board at liberty, simply to provide assistance if necessary.

Daniel Curry.—They have that power now and have exercised it in some cases.

L. R. Dunn moved to lay the second item, together with the proposed amendment, on the table, but the motion did not carry.

R. F. Quesel thought the phrasing might be so changed in a single sentence that in case of disability the Board should have power to employ such help as should be needed.

John Miley thought the language of the report could not be improved.

Will Cumback called for the previous question, and it was ordered.

The motion to amend, by striking out "secretary" and "secretaries," was put and lost.

R. F. Quesel desired to know whether the charter of the Missionary Society gives the Board the power to employ additional assistance.

J. M. Reid read from the charter of the Board to show that they were empowered to employ such assistance as the exigencies of the case might require.

The amendment was then adopted, and the item was amended as adopted. The report was then adopted as a whole.

The report as amended is as follows:

The Report of the Committee on Missions, No. 1.

The committee on Missions would respectfully report to the General Conference that they recommend the election of two Corresponding Secretaries.

They also recommend that the Board of managers have authority to employ, with the concurrence or by the appointment of one or more Bishops, such assistants as they may deem necessary.

The usual notices were given, and the Conference adjourned in the usual form, the venerable Gardner Baker pronouncing the benediction.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

BISHOP HARRIS PRESIDING.

The Conference met at the usual hour, and was opened with religious services, conducted by H. Jolly.

Bishop James presented the address of the Irish Conference, one of the bodies, he said, with which we are in fraternal relations, which was read, and referred to the committee on Correspondence.

The first item of the Report, namely: "That all newspapers now published by authority of the General Conference be continued," was adopted.

The second item of the Report, namely: "That the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* be published by the New York Agents, and that it be under the control of the General Book Committee," was taken up.

C. W. Smith moved to strike out this section of the Report. The *Pittsburgh Advocate* has been published from the beginning, I believe, under the direction of the committee of publication, and why this action should be taken now is unknown to any of us on this side of the house.

J. Rothwell said: "I think this a very important item. We ought to inquire the reason why the *Pittsburgh Advocate* stands out so prominently from the rest, so that there should be a separate and distinct publishing committee for it. There ought to be some reason given for that before we adopt the motion to strike out."

R. F. Quesel said: As a member of the committee on the Book Concern I am not able to say what matters controlled the sub-committee having this matter in charge to recommend the transfer, but it seems to me that the suggestions made by the last speaker are eminently wise, and there has been no national Church, and our papers generally under the control of the Book Committee, that paper should be under the same control in order to secure harmony of action and prevent friction.

R. L. Miller said: What want of harmony can there be? What friction can there be? The discipline provides particularly that when the paper falls to pay its own expenses it shall be wound up, and there has been no reason presented as yet to convince us, who support and patronize it, that it should be changed.

A very able debate followed in which the whole policy of the Church as to official papers was discussed.

The Chair here presented to the Conference the Rev. Bishop Cummings, D. D., of the Reformed Episcopal Church, saying: "I have the pleasure of presenting to you Bishop Cummings, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, deputed to this Conference as the fraternal delegate of that Church, and who will avail himself of an opportunity to address you more formally to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock." (Applause.)

The Bishop was warmly and enthusiastically received by the Conference, who rose to their feet.

On motion of D. C. Noyle, the order of the day was resumed where it was discontinued yesterday, namely, the election of an editor for the *Christian Apologist*.

F. Schuler, on behalf of the Southern German Conference delegation, nominated Rev. Dr. Nast, the father of German Methodism, for editor. There being no other nomination, Dr. Nast was unanimously elected by acclamation, amid hearty applause.

On motion the second order of the day was taken up, and the Conference proceeded to the election of an editor for the *Western Christian Advocate*.

G. Moody nominated F. S. Hoyt, the present incumbent.

Will Cumback, on behalf of the Southeast Indiana Delegation, nominated J. H. Baylis.

The second class of tellers appointed yesterday, proceeded to collect the ballots for editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and afterwards retired.

The election of an editor for the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* was taken up.

J. M. Walden nominated Arthur Edwards, the present incumbent, and the nomination was seconded by G. B. Jocelyn. There being no other nomination, Arthur Edwards was unanimously elected by acclamation, amid hearty applause.

The election of an editor for the *Central Christian Advocate* was taken up. The name of the present incumbent, Benj. St. James Fry, and that of W. B. Slaughter were put in nomination. The first class of tellers proceeded to collect the ballots, and afterwards retired.

J. M. Buckley desired, by common consent, to ask the decision of the Chair upon a law point.

The Chair.—The General Conference

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1876.

Mr. B. P. Bowne, A. M., has been elected as Professor of Philosophy in the Academic department of Boston University. Mr. Bowne is a graduate of New York University. His admirable philosophical articles in the *New Englander*, in review of Herbert Spencer, first attracted public attention to him as one of the clearest and strongest writers of the day upon the conservative side of modern metaphysical speculations. These papers have been enlarged and published in a book form under the title of "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," by the Book Room at New York. He spent some time in Germany attending University lectures. Since his return he has been an assistant Professor of Modern Languages in New York University, and an editorial writer upon the *Independent*. An offer of a position in the new Hopkins University at Baltimore was made to him. We are happy to know that he has consented to accept the chair offered him by the trustees of the Boston University. The first senior class will enjoy his valuable instructions in their philosophical studies, and he will bring the strong reinforcement of a very vigorous and cultivated young mind into the Faculty of the Institution.

The effort to break down the resolution of the Centennial Commissioners in reference to closing the grounds on the Sabbath has awakened a profound feeling on the part of Christian bodies, like the General Conference and the Presbyterian Assembly, and among Christian men throughout the land. A public meeting was called in Philadelphia as a response to the one held in the interest of Sabbath desecration a Sabbath before. The immense hall of the Academy of Music was not only crowded, but the audience overflowed into an adjoining Church, and also formed another vast assembly in the street. These great and enthusiastic Christian gatherings for the defense of the Lord's Day, were addressed by judges, lawyers, ministers and men of business. A series of clearer, more powerful or more eloquent discourses are rarely listened to than fell upon the ears, and awakened the hearty responses, of these Christian multitudes. In answer to the intimation that the industrial population is excluded by the present Sabbath prohibition, it was announced, amid rapturous cheers, that several of the largest manufacturing firms had proffered their workmen two days for the enjoyment of the Exposition, their wages still to be continued in their absence. The quiet Sabbath is not only peculiarly an American institution, but it is dearly loved and prized by the great body of our citizens. May God preserve for us and our children this healthful sanctity!

An unexpected change has occurred in Turkish affairs. The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, has been forced to resign his throne to his nephew, Murad. The chief officers of his government, at the head of the troops in the city, compelled him to leave the palace. He is to be conveyed with his family and immediate attendants to a distant town of Asia. The successor was publicly proclaimed, and the new sultanate has already been officially recognized by France, Italy and England. The movement is looked upon to be in the interest of peace. The new ruler is between thirty and forty. He has had a comparatively good education, and has spent some time in Europe, speaking freely the French language, and is considered an intelligent and capable man. The change of rulers may afford a little longer lease to the life of the "sick man," and avert a revolution and the independence of the Christian States of Turkey for the present; although the latter fact is far from being established.

A gentleman reached the city of New York very early one Sabbath morning. As he left the steamer, a score of hackmen proffered their services to drive him to a hotel; as he stepped upon the sidewalk, a boy reached forward to black his boots, and another wished to carry his valise. At the hotel a servant was constantly at his side offering rather too freely, indeed, every possible service. After breakfast he sought one of the large and elegant churches, of which there are many in the city, where an eminent divine preaches every Sabbath to many hundreds of hearers. And just at this point, as he reached the church, all the lavish offers of personal services ceased! The dusty dandied ladies with their well-to-do and substantial male attendants, passed in and up the aisles, in a very stately manner,

sweeping by him as he stood in the vestibule. Not one made the slightest advance to relieve the awkwardness of a stranger, or to proffer the courtesy of a seat. After a wearisome waiting, the sexton of the church, in a perfunctory way, led him to a pew. The differences between the attentions which selfishness and personal interest proffered, and the frigid indifference of a company of professed Christians, was so striking that our friend had an abundance of food for reflection until his attention was called in another direction by the opening of the religious services. The incident carries its own moral.

The Egyptian funeral rites held in the city of New York, over the remains of the late Baron De Palm, were not of a character, we should think, to charm the average American observer, and estrange him from the simple, touching and rational observances at a Christian burial. This civilized heathen, who had been a citizen of our country for fifteen years, but had been previously poisoned by European infidelity, expressed a wish that no priest or minister should intrude upon his obsequies. His brethren of the Theosophical Society, to which he belonged, therefore buried him from the Masonic Temple with no Christian symbol displayed. They read responsive exercises from an Egyptian liturgy, and burned incense beside the coffin. Singularly enough, however, one Christian emblem was unwittingly exhibited in a strange connection. A forbidding figure of a serpent winding around a wooden cross stood by the coffin. It was said to be a symbol of evolution! A Colonel Olcott, with six persons in long black robes, conducted the amazing rites; the former delivering a long discourse upon Theosophy—whatever this is. Having finished their pagan service, amid the burning of candles and the smoking of fragrant gums, without any sunshine from the mansions of the just beaming upon them, they sadly bore away the embalmed body of their friend to his unenlightened grave. Doubtless not a few who were drawn to the strange scene by curiosity went away saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his!"

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The last week of the session of this important ecclesiastical congress was crowded with the consideration of very important reports. The first impression upon reading the journals would be that too much of the valuable time of the body was exhausted in preliminary matters; to the neglect of weightier matters; in the routine of receiving and referring memorials which might, with less form and without discussion, be handed to their appropriate committees; to the reception of fraternal delegations, and especially to the exciting struggle for so many offices. In some way, by local agencies, the selection of the occupants of some of the official chairs might be removed from this supreme court of the Church, whose sessions, from the character of its construction, must necessarily be limited as to time, and be distributed around among the various districts where these editors and agents are to find their several fields of service. Such a course would remove in part, at least, one of the chief occasions of complaint in reference to the demoralizing effect of the sharp canvass for official positions, which is thought by some to be a growing evil among us, and it would, also, permit more time to be devoted to the really serious matters that came before the body.

But the preliminary weeks are not entirely devoted to routine acts, or to canvassing for offices. The real work of the session is carried on in the great committees which hold, from the beginning, almost daily meetings. Many of our readers have doubtless been surprised at the abruptness with which, at some times, votes have been demanded and have been taken upon very important topics, with only a limited and apparently quite unsatisfactory discussion. But the real debate had been going on for days in the appropriate committee. Such discussions are more unreserved and better calculated to develop the truth, than the more ambitious forensic displays before the immense audience of delegates and spectators. We know that several of the largest committees, to which were entrusted the most delicate and important questions, held series of very earnest and thorough discussions, and examined the questions before them in all their aspects.

As might have been expected, the laymen, as a whole, were more conservative upon questions affecting the organic law and fundamental modes of the Church than the ministers. A large number of them are eminent in the profession of the law, and several of them have been for years upon the Bench. They naturally cleave to the letter of the Discipline with much tenacity, and interpret ecclesiastical ordinances with the same precision as they are wont to expound the common or statute law of the land. The question of constitutionality had more to do with the final deliverance of the Body upon the Presiding Elder subject than the merits or demerits of the proposed change. It seemed to be of much more serious importance that not a jot or a tittle of the old and grand book of Discipline should be touched with improper hands, or that the slightest prerogative of our superintendents should be irregularly disturbed, than that an officer in the Church should be kept in full harmony with its progress, and be made as efficient and useful as his large annual cost demands. Perhaps the difficulties of securing without infringement upon the letter of the ordinance a change in modes of usefulness, diverts the minds of our ecclesiastical lawyers from the real merits of the subject itself. The overshadowing question to us, how shall

these thousands of the chief ministers in our ranks, have their work so arranged that their valuable time will not be frittered away in perfunctory details, or their rich ministrations in the pulpit be comparatively lost as evangelical forces in the community. A branch of the subject has been finally remanded to all the associated Conferences, and the discussion will be renewed in the several annual gatherings, upon the minor question of permitting Conferences to determine the number of their district elders, under limitations preventing the practical giving up of the office by having less than two districts, or by multiplying them beyond eight, thus making it simply a chairmanship. It can hardly be expected, from the number and character of the minority who demanded much more radical changes than this, that the agitation among the ministers and laity will subside, or that the settlement of the one question to be voted upon in the Conferences will be considered a final adjudication of the matter.

As to the question of the color line, we confess to considerable anxiety on account of the conclusions reached, with, indeed, a large and thoughtful opposing minority. There are serious difficulties about the subject the moment you consider it in the light of present expediency, and the probable immediate results to the Conferences where mixed Churches exist. Our best men, friends of the colored men, differ widely in their judgment in the premises. The question takes upon itself a different coloring, according to the circumstances in which it is considered. In some portions of the South it is affirmed that our growth, as a Church, depends upon the separation of the colors into Conferences and Churches by themselves. It is alleged that both the colored people and the white members in certain States demand it. But it is not indispensable that we should grow rapidly as a Church at the South, while it is vital that there should be a constant and positive protestation against the spirit of caste. The colored people, also, need the presence and support of their better educated brethren to hold them up, to inspire their ambition, and to aid them in working out the great problem of their redemption. Many of our thoughtful colored brethren are impressed with this necessity, and have personally entreated us to defend them from such a perilous situation. Our work at the South may prove to be largely a missionary and self-sacrificing service; but if we are true to principle and to the spirit of the Gospel, there can be no question as to the ultimate result. Simply as a Church for white Methodists, except in portions of States where the Church, South, does not occupy the field, and where we have never yielded the territory, there is no pressing necessity for us to urge forward our work. Our great mission at the South is to assist our colored brethren. If we affiliate and fraternize with the Church, South, it will be the height of folly for us to attempt to gather little handfuls of white members under the shadow of the commodious Churches of our fellow-Christians. The Providence of God, however, is our great Leader, and, doubtless, as time rolls on, it will clearly reveal our line of duty.

Perhaps no better course could be pursued upon the question of Lay Delegates in Annual Conferences than the one finally ordained by the General Conference. As the subject was involved in many practical difficulties, and no plan proposed seem to meet the general approval, a commission of seven was determined upon to be appointed by the Bishops to consider the expediency of the question, and to report a plan at the next quadrennial meeting, if they deemed such a course to be wise.

The session, on the whole, has been a pleasant and profitable one. The debates have, at times, been very able, and the spirit in which they have been conducted, as a general thing, every way admirable. In spite of the innumerable recommendations for changes, scarcely any important measure of this character has been consummated. The fundamental principles of our Church government have been carefully revised, and interpreted afresh for the instruction and satisfaction of our people. Many minor details, of more or less importance, have been adjusted. The great charities of the Church have been amply discussed, and their better support, we trust, secured. And now we look forward, hopefully and prayerfully, May the divine blessing rest upon earnest and devout labor throughout the whole field entered upon by all the membership under their chosen and beloved leaders!

A PHASE OF UNBELIEF.

The Psalmist, enumerating the sins of the Israelites in the desert—the sins that most "provoked" and "grieved" Jehovah—mentions that of "limiting the Holy One of Israel." It was the cause of their distrust of God, and of their disposition to "turn back" towards Egypt. By it they forfeited for themselves, though not for their children, the land of promise. It was the sin of unbelief, through which, as Paul argues, they could not enter into "the rest" of that land; and the apostle admonishes us to beware of the like temptation, "lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Few Christians, probably, ever think that a disposition of the mind, an inward, lurking sentiment of unbelief, may become a habit of doubt, and may exclude them at last from heaven, as it usually does from the present "rest" of soul, which is the privilege of the true children of

God—"for we which have believed do enter into rest." Gross and continued sin they know will do so; but they forget that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin," and that a habit of doubt, of unbelief, is the chief cause of inward backsliding, and at last of habitual sin.

But can we control our souls in this respect? Can we help our unbelief? Assuredly we can, or else it could not be sin, for it could not be a matter of responsibility. Aside from the fact that faith depends largely upon the will, it depends still more upon the thoroughness of our consecration, our practical devotion to the duties of religion. He that is scrupulously faithful in these, will find his faith proportionately strong. He that will do the will of the Father "shall know of the doctrine," whether it be true or not. The contrast of faith and works, in the evangelic system, is a sublime paradox, but no contradiction; no two things are more reciprocal and harmonious, in the system; faith is vital—"faith works," and "works by love," the most potent of moral forces.

Let us not, then, "limit the Holy One of Israel" by the inward, subtle sophisms of unbelief. It is perfectly logical that our faith should be as absolute as His own infinity—His infinite compassion and power to do for us. A devout writer says: "I like that large use of the word saved, which includes not only pardon, but preservation from the dominion and act of sin. We read, 'How often did they provoke Him in the wilderness, and grieve Him in the desert. Yes, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel.' Dear child of God, have you committed the sin of limiting the Holy One of Israel? Have you supposed that God could save you from great, and gross, and flagrant sins, and not from the petty sins which come to you as your peculiar besetments? Have you said, 'I have such a peculiar temper that God cannot keep me from getting angry?' You have limited the Holy One of Israel. Have you supposed that He who made the universe cannot save you from pride and selfishness? You have limited Him. Have you supposed that He can save you from sinful acts, and not from sinful thoughts? You have limited Him."

These are just views; it is a subtle, a specious, but most illogical temptation that would deter us from the higher, the very highest attainments of spiritual life, by the suggestion that our peculiar, petty liabilities of temperament, render us exceptional in Christian experience—that saintly piety may be the lot of this, that, or the other good man, but not ours. Why, this is a virtual denial of the fundamental principle of Christianity, namely, that "salvation" is "not of ourselves," in its efficient cause, "but of grace, through faith"—the infinite grace of God, conditioned on our faith as only its instrumental cause. Those, too, who really have peculiar besetments of temperament have often become the most sanctified of men. They have, thereby, seen the greater necessity of faith and consecration. Specific watchfulness against specific sins is one of the most invigorating of moral habits; and some of the noblest examples of Christian life have resulted from just this habit, sanctified by the grace of God. Do not, then, "limit" God; by a perfect consecration seek a perfect salvation; and according to your faith shall it be unto you.

Limit Him not, in respect not only to His saving, sanctifying grace, which is freely given unto us, but also in respect to your spiritual conflicts. Trials you must have; they are the proofs of His love of you, "for whom He loveth He also chasteneth," and perhaps there can be no highly developed character without them. But "we who believe do enter into rest," and the "rest of faith" may abide in any possible storm of life. There is a "perfect peace" spoken of in your Bible, as well as a "perfect love, which casteth out fear." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because He trusteth in Thee." Here is the condition—the uniform, evangelic condition—faith; faith for consolation as well as for salvation. Spiritual "joy" you may not always have; it may be a necessary discipline that your Lord shall at times permit the trial of your faith by withdrawing your most habitual spiritual light and comfort. Holy men have so taught from their own experience. Good Thomas à Kempis has repeated chapters, so teaching; but your faith must abide in quiet waiting; and if your faith abides, your peace will abide also. You will say: "It is the Lord; let Him do what pleaseth Him." I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep what I have committed to Him against that day. And here you can "rest," till the morning again rises over the heavens. Such a peace is indeed blessed—the transcendental blessedness of life. Hence it was that an apostle called it "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." He so called it in connection with his exhortation to be careful "anxious" for nothing. "He knew this would be impossible to mere human power; but this inexplicable 'peace of God' shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Such is the "great salvation," great, indeed, in its consolation as in its perfection—entire consecration; absolute trust, or faith; "perfect love"; and "perfect peace."

The "sick man" has a new head to his body, but what is wanted is a new heart, which Mohammedanism cannot supply. The immediate results of the deposition of the late Sultan are uncertain, but at most it can only delay the inevitable issue.

THE DISEASE AND THE CURE.

This has been called "the age of crime," but the designation is not just. There is no good evidence that crime, in general, is any more prevalent now than in former times; but there is one form of crime, which may almost be called the epidemic of the age, and that form of crime is, the violation of trust. The picture of the day would be, a trusted man deceiving and robbing those who have trusted him. "Betrayal of trust" is the disease of the times, and peculiarly of our own land. If it continue, "American honor" will come to signify, among the nations of the earth, what "Panic faith" did among the citizens of ancient Rome. The saddest feature in all the exposures of the last few years, is the breaking down of trusted characters; the failure of men, whose very power to defraud lay in the confidence they had inspired. They never could have gained the places of trust which they betrayed, if they had not been deemed honorable men.

And the appearance of the disease in public life, is not the most dangerous symptom. It is not the sale of agencies and traderships on the Western plains, or the exposure of doubtful dealings in Congress, or the detection of "high crimes and misdemeanors" in a minister of State, that constitute the worst of the case. It is not merely corruption in high places, or the exposure of conspicuous men, but the same state of things is found all through society, from top to bottom; it is honey-combing our whole commercial system. Now it is the cashier of your bank; now the agent of your company; now the clerk of your post-office; and now the treasurer of your county. The salesmen behind the counter, the money clerk at the till, the book-keeper at the desk, the trusted merchant, the well-known contractor, and the banker whose check was better than gold—all grades and classes have been involved. The man whose name was a fortune, has sold his name; the man whose character was money, has sold his character.

It is a relief to this sad picture, that very few of these betrayals were, at the outset, of deliberate intent. Not often is it found that a man has accepted a trust with the intention of betraying it. The crime began without any definite criminal intent. It began in the demand for more money than honesty would bring. In almost every case, the "original sin" has consisted in the adoption of a scale of expenses above the scale of earnings. The deficiency has been made up by expedients; the expedients have grown into frauds, and the frauds have expanded until exposure and ruin have become inevitable. Here has been the first beginning of the evil—the first breaking away of the waters. Here has been the first eddying of that whirlpool which has borne so many a fair name to disaster and disgrace. This is the more than twice-told tale—the same old story—whether told by the clerk of a village bank, or the head of a government department. The clerk on a thousand a year tries to live like his brother on two thousand. The result is as easy to predict as in the case where the two engines tried to pass each other on the same track. No plan has yet been found to make a thousand dollar income cover a two thousand dollar outgo. A great many have tried to work this problem out, but no one has yet been able to "balance the equation."

This ever present fact in the history of this common form of crime, gives a somewhat brighter shading to the picture, and a brighter outlook. It is not an original rottenness of character, or any constitutional lack of conscience in the American people; but the intense eagerness for advancement has put conscience and character both to an unwanted strain.

Our hope of cure lies in this fact, that the disease is not yet "constitutional." The conscience of the people is very quick to feel the shame and the humiliation. The whole nation is smarting under a sense of degradation. The smarting of the burn is a sign of life. A dead body feels no pain, and makes no resistance to decay. This public sense of shame and indignation is a healthy sign, and a promise of recovery; and this rising conscience of the people has not been wholly without effect. It is something that the thief of \$600,000 could ever be sent to prison. It is something that the leaders of the mighty "whiskey ring" could ever be sentenced to the penitentiary. It is true Tweed is out of prison again, but he is an exile from home—hiding away from justice like a petty thief. The burning indignation of the public conscience has penalties of its own, more sure, and more severe than prison walls or court decrees; and legal technicalities, and faithless guards, and defective bolts, cannot evade these penalties.

But to secure these results, and make them permanent, this rising sentiment of public conscience must be crystallized into law. Our laws now aim at thieves and burglars. They concern themselves with the coarser grades of crime. Let them be made to aim with equal directness and severity at the finer grades! Betrayal of trust is only a refined way of stealing. Instead of opening the bank safe with burglars' tools, it opens it by inspiring confidence, and then betraying it. Let it be classed with theft, degraded and punished like theft, and it will hide itself in the same quarters. Then when the present generation of defaulters has been hunted out and branded, a more wholesome state of things will come.

Editorial Items.

Rev. Joseph Cook, who is just now powerfully impressing the thoughtful men of Boston, in one of his recent Monday morning lectures, said: "The beauty of the Methodist theology is that it can be preached."

In order fully to appreciate this remark, it should be stated that the lecturer was arguing that a truly Biblical, or divine theology would be one that was not only speculatively coherent and rational, but especially one that could be effectively preached. To come short at this point in his judgment was *prima facie* evidence of incompleteness—of a failure to convey, or to present the whole truth. Bushnell, he insisted, virtually confesses the artificiality, because of the impotency of his own system, when he declares that though equipped of their meaning, nevertheless in preaching for the sake of popular effect, the old terms must still be used; and so, in this most solemn business a sort of sham demonstration must be maintained.

To the mind of the eloquent lecturer, it was evidence enough that, however beautiful to the carnal eye, all rationalistic conceptions or theories of the atonement, do yet fall to express the whole truth about God's dealings with men; that when preached, they prove so barren, being still-born and powerless from the lips of even the most eminent and eloquent teachers. It was somewhere in this connection that, as one of those sudden and surprising scintillations of suggestive thought, constantly flashing from his lips, he said: "The beauty of Methodist theology is that it can be preached." Exactly why he specified the Methodist rather than any other form of evangelical theology he did not say, although his argument was intended to include all orthodoxy. The singular appositeness and truth of the statement, however, will, we think, impress many minds. Nothing has been more satisfactorily demonstrated by experience than that certain features of Calvinism cannot be preached. Its old-time doctrines of unconditional election, with the correlated dogmas, are now rarely heard in pulpits. Frequent a Calvinistic church, having a liberal pulpit, and wide-awake pews to-day, and you will discover in the discourses of that pulpit, and the testimonies of those pews, absolutely none of these forbidding presentations of views against which Wesley and our Methodist fathers in this country so long, and so successfully, contended.

The practice of the Calvinistic pulpit to-day, in thus excluding the characteristic Calvinistic tenets from its staple teaching, and in presenting instead substantially the doctrines of Arminianism, affords, indeed, the most satisfactory verification of the statement of Mr. Cook, that Methodist theology, harmonizing so completely as it does with the dictates of reason and common sense, can be and ought to be preached.

Those High Churchmen of the Episcopal Church of this country who persist in styling all other Churches but "sects" or "denominations," will pardon us if we are betrayed into a smile at the summary way in which their own pretensions to be a Church at all, in fact amounting more than one among several "American Sectarians," are handled by the organs of the Episcopal Church, in the city of Rome; one of them regarded as a mouth-piece of the Pope himself. The recent consecration of an American Episcopal Church in the Eternal City was the occasion for a remarkable eulogium of some very unkind remarks, such as—"Anglicanism is nothing more than an infernal chaos of changes and contradictions," the constitution of the American branch being styled "a bad imitation of the revolutionary constitutions"—"a revered charlatan" (one of its ministers at Rome)—"A Church without symbol, without sacraments, and to call itself a Christian Church, to erect temples, and propagate its doctrines in the very metropolises of Christendom." We sympathize with our brethren under these indictments, and trust they may learn to speak of their own Protestant co-laborers of other names in a more truly catholic spirit.

We noticed the admirable plan upon which Mr. Johnson was preparing his "New Universal Cyclopaedia," when the first volume was issued about a year since. The second is now ready for delivery. It forms, like its predecessor, a closely but beautifully and clearly printed royal octavo of over 1,700 pages. It closes with an admirable paper upon Liechtenstein by Henry Wiley, Esq., of New Bedford, commencing with the letter F. It was the intention of the publisher to comprehend the work in three volumes, but the plan has met with such remarkable acceptance, that the scope of it has been greatly enlarged, and it will now make four massive volumes, crowded with the freshest and most varied information of any modern encyclopedia. President Barnard, of Columbia College, and Professor Gulzot, of Princeton, are the editors, assisted by thirty subordinate editors and several hundred of the most eminent specialists in the country. Their names are appended to their contributions, thus adding to the value of the work as showing its reliability. This universal dictionary of all departments of human knowledge, so remarkably condensed and ably edited, will become as it is known, a necessity upon the desk of both literary and business men. It is fully and admirably illustrated with maps, plans and cuts. The articles, while covering so wide a field, and so numerous, through the type that has been chosen—very small but remarkably distinct—are as exhaustive of the subjects treated as can be desired. Altogether it promises to be the desideratum which its lamented originator, Horace Greeley, intended—"a busy man's dictionary," in all departments of human knowledge.

Here is the way in which the head of the Catholic Church disposes of ante and post-Lutheran Protestants:—"The Albigenes and the disciples of Amerigo of Prague and William of St. Amour—who, sure enough, possessed nothing holy but the name—contracted with one another a monstrous alliance, fabricating and heaping together in the strangest manner errors and blasphemies of every kind, and protected, as they unfortunately were, by certain rulers, like Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and several others, they exerted all their efforts to infect and corrupt the people."

Now for modern heretics, such as Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians, who have established missions in Rome:—"I will not speak of this swarm of heretics who have precipitated themselves in an entirely characteristic manner upon this poor Italy which they are overrunning in all directions with the most deceitful words and the most seductive means of corruption upon their lips, trying to satisfy this beautiful country. No, I will not speak of this miserable and confused collection of errors and wanderers because by their disorders and teachings they are destroying one another."

The eighth of the very valuable series of publications of the Social Science Association has been issued by A. Williams and Co., Boston. The present number of the Journal of Social Science contains the papers and a record of the proceedings, of the General Meeting held in Detroit, a year ago. A valuable dissertation by David A. Wells upon the Influence of the Production and Distribution of Wealth on Social Developments is given; one upon the Work of Social Science, Past and Present, by the Secretary, F. B. Sanborn, on the Progress of International Law, by President James B. Angell, on the Civil Service in the United States by Dr. Norman B. Eaton, on the Treatment of the Guilty, by Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot, on Health, Schools by Dr. Lincoln, Gymnastics in Schools by Dr. Putnam, The Financial Policy of England and the United States by G. Bradford, Limitations of Judicial Power by Professor Washburn, and Life Insurance for the Poor by Elmer Wright, etc. The value and ability of this Journal is seen by the simple announcement of these papers and these authors.

Great Britain has not only forgiven our naughtiness a hundred years ago, but rejoices in our independence and prosperity. France joins in the friendly greeting, and what is more gratifying, embodies it in a popular, rather than national expression of good-will. We refer of course to the colossal statue of Liberty (for which collections are being made all over France, to make up \$300,000), to be erected on Bedloe's island, in the harbor of New York. Thiers, Waddington, Laboulaye, and many other distinguished Frenchmen, are much interested in it. M. Laboulaye, in a late address, felicitously said: "The proposed monument symbolizes American freedom, which bears peace and enlightenment everywhere." "We have had this eternal monument of the friendship of France and America, ever recalling the united names of Washington and Lafayette and the union of two peoples, who formerly united to found independence, and now unite to cement fraternity." May the day be hastened when all nations shall unite in mutual greetings, not only in the name of freedom and civilization, but of a common Christianity! That day is coming.

The Melbourne Spectator complains of high taxes. The Governor of the colony (Victoria) receives a salary of \$50,000, which is \$15,000 more than is paid to any other Australian governor; \$500,000 have been voted for a government house; the ministry costs \$70,000, and the Legislature \$100,000 (\$1,500 a member) annually. The editor declares that the members should receive no salary. "We have had this system (a salary) at work some time," he says, "but Parliament was never more like a bear-garden than it is to-day." He complains of the "unseemly wranglings and disgraces" squabbles which have become so common in our Legislative Assembly.

Rev. P. T. Wilson sailed from Boston to India, as a missionary of our Church, in 1862, and returned on account of his health, and that of his wife, in 1873. His excellent wife died two years since. He has found good homes for his four children so that he can renew his missionary work. During the time since his return, he has taken a course in medicine, and is now awaiting orders to enter afresh upon his work in the East. He is now visiting friends in the vicinity of Boston, and will be happy to lecture upon India before our Churches or Sabbath schools. His address will be for the present, care of J. P. Magee, 38 Bromfield Street.

Our readers will find on the eighth page the very rich programme of the Annual exercises to be held, this year, in Wilbraham. They open upon the 19th. The venerable and beloved Alma Mater calls all her children back to her beautiful home for a delightful reunion. How should like to meet the boys and girls that were there forty-two or three years ago! Some are in the army, some in the pulpit, one, at least, is a Bishop, one has lived for thirty-four years in our own home, and many are in heaven! Let us fill the embowered and mountain-shaded valley with songs of grateful praise once more!

We are glad to know that the Canadian Methodist Magazine has proved to be a financial success. It is a most instructive and wholesome family periodical, positively religious, able, varied and fresh in its articles, and filling a place in which it has no Methodist competitor in America. The June number commences the third volume. The editor, Rev. W. H. Whitrow, has become well-known to us by his excellent work upon the catechisms, and papers in the Quarterly. He wrote himself to have the editorial genius as well as a nice literary taste. S. Rose, Toronto, Publisher. Price \$2.00 a year.

Is the world growing better or worse? There are certainly some indications that it is advancing in the line of a Christian civilization. One hundred years ago, it did not seem possible that the willful and rebellious child, whom it was sought to bring to terms by force of arms, could ever break from the angry mother, as was the case the other day, special recognition as a great and powerful nation, with whom she was on terms of perfect amity. Through her minister, Sir Edward Thornton, Great Britain took up by the hand, and said, God bless you! He, first of all the foreign representatives, gave a centennial banquet, to which were invited the President of the United States, his Cabinet, and other eminent Americans. England and America are one.

It is stated—a remarkable fact, if true, for beer-drinking England—that in upward of 1,000 parishes within the province of Canterbury there is not a public-house or beer-house. The result, as might be expected, is that temperance and good order prevail. The constable has little or nothing to do. With such an illustration of the effect of removing temptations to intoxication, it is a wonder that so many "good people" in England are opposed to prohibitory laws.

The North gives up and the South does not keep back. At least the Presbyterians of the two sections bid fair to resume friendly relations. The General Assemblies lately in session have unanimously agreed that no acts or deliberations on the part of either during the civil war shall be construed as impugning Christian character or standing. So the way seems fairly open for a hearty union of some sort. A good Centennial exhibit.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. George F. Kimball, by select readings, furnished a pleasing entertainment to the students and friends of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale. With good imitative powers, and a fine appreciation of the humorous, he succeeded admirably in pleasing those who love to laugh. "Mr. Candler's Lecture on Shirt-buttons," and "Pulpit Eloquence of 1776," gave special satisfaction, and were indeed particularly well rendered.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.
Sunday, June 18.
Lesson XII. Acts vi, 1-15.
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

The first law of heaven is order. Wherever God works there is the movement of regulated force. A disorderly Church could not be the product of the divine Spirit. Under His supreme direction, therefore, we find the early Church adjusting itself to the divine requirements by distributing its labor, forming "orders" of men who were formally set apart to special duties. The clamor of the Greeks against what they thought was a partial benevolence, was the immediate occasion for instituting the order of deacons; but there were other reasons in the growing necessities of the Church why it should have an economy. The life of the Church, in order to be most efficient, must be organic. Like the various members of the human body, each having its appropriate function, the disciples of Christ should relate themselves to the common life of the Church by some function. And as in the body there are both subordinate and superior faculties, so there are lower and higher workmen in the Church. It was evidently the intention of Christ to leave the organization of the Church to the wisdom of the Church enlightened by the indwelling Spirit. The Episcopal form of Church government has the precedence and the authority of apostolic sanction. But even this form should be deemed flexible enough to adapt itself to different ages and peoples. Church polity ought always to be subordinated to the great end in view for Christ's earthly kingdom—the salvation of the whole world.

When the number of disciples was multiplied. All sorts of people had by this time been gathered into the new Church. The fact that the body of believers was so heterogeneous, made jealousies possible. It was natural that individual rights and even the interests of whole classes of persons should be neglected, while Church government and order were not as yet reduced to any systematic form.

There arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, etc. When different nationalities were brought into the contact, even of Christian fellowship, it is likely that the old prejudices were not all forgotten on either side; and the Jewish Christian may have had something of the old hereditary feeling of exclusivism towards the Gentile brethren; and the Gentile Christian may have been too demanding and jealous towards his Jewish brother. Certain it is that personal rights were not entirely adjusted, and complaints naturally arose. Dependent widows of a certain class were neglected, so that it seemed like a wrong done from national prejudices.

The twelve called the multitude, etc. The ordering of Church polity devolved upon the apostles. They were the commissioned officers in the new army whose business it was to reduce it to order and efficiency.

It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables. It is not good economy that trained hands should be made drudgery. The apostles had been richly endowed by the culture of their Master's personal tuition for one particular work—to preach the Gospel. Others could attend to the sick and the poor, giving food and money where alms were needed. It would not have been good reason, good common sense, for the twelve to have spent their time in the details of almsgiving to which others could have attended just as efficiently. Ministers ought to be relieved of the minor details of secular Church work, not because they belong to a higher order of beings, and should not soil their hands with the common toils of common men, but because their commission sends them to a special work, one that ought to tax all their strength and absorb all their time; they ought to be preachers.

Look ye out among you seven men of honest report, etc. It was to be a selection by the Church, and the appointment of those presented as candidates was to be by the apostles. Honest, spiritual men, who had wisdom enough to act discreetly in the distribution of benevolent assistance, were asked for.

We will give ourselves . . . to prayer . . . and to the ministry. At first, no doubt, the apostles had much of this benevolent work to do. But as the demand for preaching the truth increased, they felt that they must "give themselves" to this more exclusively, and exercise only a supervisory function in the secular affairs of the Church.

They chose Stephen, etc. The names of the seven men are here given. Stephen is best known, of whom, a part of this chapter and the whole of the following are concerned. Philip is the same who, after the death of Stephen, preached the Gospel in Samaria, and who between Jerusalem and Gaza baptized the officer of the court of Meroe; and who in chapter xxi, 8, is expressly mentioned as one of the seven under the title of "the Evangelist." Nicolas was a proselyte of Antioch. All the seven names are Greek. It has been inferred from this that the seven were not Palestinian Jews, but Hellenists; and that the choice indicates either the impartiality of the Hebrews who sought to adjust the grievances of the Greeks, or that the seven were selected entirely from the Hellenistic faction of the Church, the Hebrew part having formerly held the offices.

They laid their hands on them. After the company had selected the seven

men, the apostles solemnly set them apart to their work. Prayer was offered that God would bless these servants. Then the imposition of hands was given, and this was "of the nature of a prayer that God would bestow the necessary gifts, rather than a pledge that they were actually conferred."

The Word of God increased. This new step in Church order was blessed. Harmony was restored, and the spiritual prosperity of the Church was promoted, while its temporal interests were systematically provided for.

A great company of the priests were obedient. At the time of the return from the Babylonian captivity, the number of the priests was 4,289. Accessions from this source gave the Church a moral strength that was a very substantial help.

Stephen . . . did great wonders and miracles. His work took him to the sick and the distressed. He was graciously endowed with such spiritual power as to be able to take to the sufferers under his care not only bread, but the comforts of grace, the strength of God; his touch carried even miraculous power.

There arose certain of the synagogue, etc. Stephen's power and influence excited the antagonism of certain Hellenists. Libertines, libertini, freedmen; Jews, or the descendants of Jews, who having been slaves at Rome had gained their freedom, and now living in Jerusalem, had a synagogue of their own. "The Jews were accustomed to name their synagogues from the countries whence those who attended them had come." There is some disagreement among commentators as to the other names—Cyrenians, Alexandrians, etc. A natural supposition is that these formed so many different synagogues, five distinct bodies in all.

They were not able to resist, etc. Stephen's "wisdom" and "spirit" were so lofty that his opponents could not meet him on equal ground. They did continue hostile to him and his cause, but they fought him in a mean and underhanded way.

They suborned men—secretly instructed men who would be their tools, and through these fulminated a false charge against the holy man Stephen.

We have heard him speak blasphemous words, etc. This offense was punishable; and the cunning of the Hellenists is seen in trumping up such a charge against Stephen as would arouse the enmity of the Jews, who revered Moses and Mosaic law, and would also bring out the official power of the rulers against him. Both objects were gained.

They stirred up the people . . . elders . . . scribes, and came upon him. First there was a popular movement, then the Sanhedrim threw in their assistance. Against Jesus the Sanhedrim took the initiative. Stephen was taken into custody.

They set up false witnesses—Men who wrenched and misinterpreted what Stephen had preached. They made it appear to the council that Stephen's great business was to attack Moses and the law, slandering and blaspheming against what was most sacred to every devout Jew.

Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place. They imputed this saying to Stephen. He probably had alluded to the words Jesus had Himself spoken, as He referred to His death and resurrection, and the false witnesses thus grossly misapplied the truth.

They saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. The radiance of an innocent conscience shone through the face of the prisoner. All the council were impressed. It was more than the quiet peace of a pure heart that gave brightness to his countenance. A supernatural light, like that which gave the face of Moses its lustre when he returned from the mount, beamed from the face of the protomartyr.

At that moment not only the soul of Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost, but also his countenance shone with a miraculous light, the focus of which was in the soul. That this was the case I have no doubt, because the soul and the body generally clasp into each other and harmonize. In the holiest moments of this life the Spirit of God impresses Himself upon the body, upon the countenance, as in the case of Stephen (Lechler).

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, June 18.

- 1 What was the need of establishing a new order in the Church?
- 2 How were the "seven" commissioned?
- 3 Give some idea of the parties of Hellenists which were hostile to Stephen.
- 4 How did they oppose him?
- 5 What evidence is there that Stephen was divinely sustained in his trial?

THE BOOK OF JOB.

I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels indeed as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's book. It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flaming outlines. Grand in its simplicity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart; true eyesight and vision for all things; natural things not less than spiritual. Sublime sorrow; sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing written, I think,

in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit. — Carlyle's Heroes.

The Family.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

They are not lost, oh, no, they are not lost. Friends who have passed through death's mysterious portal; O'er death's dark river they have only crossed, And gone before us to the land immortal. They are not lost, and yet, such is the seeming, That sometimes o'er the spirit casts a spell. Since they are gone where broader light is streaming, And higher songs than earth's with rapture swell.

They are not lost, oh, no, they are not lost, Although on earth no more we hear their voices, For they have joined the bright celestial host, Where the glad angel worships and rejoices. They are not lost, although we may not meet them, As we have seen them in departed years; They live, although no more on earth we greet them, Where life eternal is undimmed with tears.

They are not lost, oh, no, they are not lost; Death is the gateway to the life immortal; Though the dark waves are ever round it tossed, An angel sentinel stands at the portal. Beyond its shadow into endless morning Their pathway leads when mortal fetters break; On faith's strong pinion, far beyond earth's scorning, Triumphant rise where joys celestial wake.

They are not lost, oh, no, they are not lost, Hope's gentle whisper to our hearts is saying; Earth's joys may perish, scenes we've loved the most, Still life's fair clime its deathless palms is waving. In that best land they live and love forever, Beyond the scenes where time's rough surges roar; As one by one they cross death's silent river, They are not lost, but only gone before.

LITTLE PUSS.

HER HATS AND MISHAPS.

Chapter II.

BY MRS. C. A. SYLVESTER.

It seems to me that there are few such old women now-a-days as dear Grandmother Payne. I wish my little people could have seen her as she stood in the doorway that pleasant spring morning so long ago, waiting for Puss and the doctor to come up.

She wore a white neckerchief folded across her bosom, and the whitest of white cap-borders shaded, while it did not conceal, her soft gray hair; and her eyes were as bright and blue as Madge's own. She held out her arms for Puss, and at the same time asked in a voice which trembled a little, "How didst thou leave Priscilla, John?"

Grandma Payne was a Quakeress, and the "thees" and "thous" always sounded very sweet and friendly from her lips. "Priscilla" was Pussie's mother, and it seemed to grandma that yesterday that she was holding her in her arms, as she held Pussie now.

"I left her in the dear Lord's hands, mother," replied the doctor, with something like a sob in his voice. "Human power can do nothing more to save her."

"Thou must have faith, John," said grandma. "It is borne in upon me that she will recover. Be quiet, Margaret! We must wait in stillness for God's will."

For Madge, with her arms around Puss, and her head in grandma's lap, was crying as if her heart would break. She was thinking of her own dear mother laid beneath the clover-blossoms so long ago, and of the sweet auntie, that mother's twin-sister, so like her, and so well-beloved.

Meantime, Puss, sitting in grandma's lap, was thinking her own queer little thoughts, and gravely looking from one to the other.

"Oh, dear me!" she said presently, "with an ominous quiver of the rosy lips, 'Dear me! I feel every body's drefful solemn. It's not p'lice.'"

"She means solemn," said Madge, lifting up her head and giving Puss a hug while she laughed heartily through her tears. "Isn't she a comical little little darling?"

"Sure enough," said the doctor gravely. "It is not polite to fall to weeping in this ridiculous fashion when you have company, Madge. I think grandma would like you to tell her how old you are, Puss?"

"I's free years old next Kistmas," replied Puss promptly.

"And what is thy name, little one?" asked grandma, though she knew very well that Puss was named for herself and her own mother after her.

"Priscilla Palmer is my name when I drows up to be a big girl. Now I is my papa's Puss and mamma's 'Pussy Willow.'"

The child's voice faltered a little over the beloved names, and it brought the tears to grandma's eyes; but she only asked in her grave, quiet way, "And can the little Priscilla tell me who made her?"

"Ess'em," said Puss with a little nod. "Ess, mam! Dod made me, out of dust—sawdust, I dess! But papa says He put a little sugar in."

Which astonishing piece of information was received in profound silence. The doctor was so wicked as to look amused, and Madge hid her face in grandma's lap, as she was so afraid she should giggle. As for Grandma Payne herself, it must be confessed she was a

little shocked at what seemed the child's irreverence.

But Puss, all unconscious of having said anything funny or wrong went on: "O Uncle Doctor, don't you fink that Captain Dink's dust is all a spillin' out!"

Did I tell you before that Captain Jinks was one of those knitted dolls so common several years ago, and which had come down from Pussie's mother's baby days? Indeed, I'm not sure but the doctor himself had been beguiled to sleep many a night by the privilege of having the Captain for a bedfellow. It had been repaired and re-named a good many times since, and "Captain Jinks" was the name Pussie's father gave it when it was brought out for Pussie's benefit. In some of its rejuvenations it had been stuffed with sawdust.

"Bridget said perhaps you could mend him with a stickin' patch," said Puss, as with trembling eagerness she began to unwrap a small bundle which, sleeping or waking, she had held fast in her arms all day. "Hold up your head," said the little one, as, the last wrapping removed, the much-abused head hung limp and ghastly. "Hold up your head Captain Dink!"

Down went the captain's head again, and the sawdust brains slowly sifted out upon grandma's nicely painted floor.

"Oh, my show! I b'lieve him's broke him's eck," and Puss was just ready to cry when her uncle came to the rescue. He examined the wound with professional gravity, and said, cheerily,

"Don't be alarmed, my dear young lady. The captain has only a superficial wound which can very soon be cured by proper treatment. Get a needle and thread, Madge. A stitch and a bit of plaster will finish the business."

The doctor whipped out his pocket-case, and in a minute the "sticking patch" and the needle had made it as good as new.

To Puss the "operation" was as real as if it had been performed on her own curly pate.

"Do you fink it hurted velly much?" she asked with a pained lip.

"No, indee," said the doctor. "It was done so quickly. Now you put him to bed as soon as it is dark, under the table, and he'll be all right in the morning."

Grandma Payne knew, now, how Puss came to the idea that she was made of sawdust. She smiled to herself at the little one's funny conceit, as with dust-pail and wing she deftly swept up the litter from her shining floor.

"Team's ady!" called out a hearty voice from a door, and a tall man walked in, and, hat in hand, looking at Puss, who nestled shyly up beside the doctor. He had a bushy beard and heavy eyebrows, but the deep-set brown eyes twinkled with fun, and the smile which thus broke over the thin, sallowne face was like the sunshine on a rugged landscape. At least, Madge thought so as she saw his face light up at the sight of Puss.

This was Silas Snow, Grandma Payne's hire man. He had worked for Grandpa Payne years before that good old man died, just as his father had worked for Pussie's great-grandfather. Silas was as honest as the day, trusty and kind, and quite intelligent; but it was useless how he would "murder the Queen's English," as grandma said. She had long ago ceased trying to teach Silas grammar. He had barbed wire and a little child long ago, and his great loving heart was very tender to all the children, who always loved him.

"Team's ady, Doctor!" he said again. "Bubefore we start, I think it would be jite in somebody to introduce me to this little lady." So the doctor went through with a formal, old-fashioned introduction, and Silas made a profound bow, and held out his hand.

"Go and shake hands with Silas, Puss," said the doctor. "You and he will be good friends. I can tell you. He knows how to make cunning little ten-cups and ucers out of acorns, and beautiful baskets out of walnuts; and he's a walkinstory-book, besides."

"That reminds me," said Silas, putting down his hat, and fumbling in his pockets after he had shaken hands with Puss. "I j'ed whittled out one on 'em. Funny what jessed me! There, that's thine! Nowan't thee kiss me, little one?"

Puss seized the really beautiful little toy with a clasp of delight, and said, "I fank you" very properly. But she stepped backward, and said bashfully, "My mami never lets me tiss gemplums, only ppa and uncle Doctor." "That's wite she's right," said Silas, heartily, though it's rather hard on me; buttup you what, Doctor, I think Priscilla about right. She allers like this one. And I declare for't, if I don't think to much indiscriminate kisin' little gils is like rubbing the bloom of 'n ten er rarities of ours, or the purple of 'n grapes."

The doctor agreed with Silas, and so do we.

Then Silas and the doctor went away. Silas was not coming back until the next day, as business which could not be delayed called him to a town several miles beyond Millville where Doctor Payne resided.

Madge too Puss into the most delightful attic over her saw, filled to the brim with the most interesting things. But to-night's cold see but one little place in it. Upon a sofa-pillow which had seen its best days years ago, reposed a gnat tortoise-shell cat, and

cuddled up close beside her were two of the cunningest little kittens you ever saw. One was almost white, with a few spots upon its back, the other, gray, shaded with yellow. Such beauties as they were! The mother-cat was called Cleopatra, and our little Puss, so Madge told her, should have the naming of the kittens. But alas! before she had kissed and fondled them half long enough, grandma called to Madge that it was "dark under the table." Puss knew well enough that that meant bedtime, and picking up her beloved Captain, she trotted soberly down stairs to bid grandma good-night.

A SABBATH IN BALTIMORE DURING GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY MRS. F. BOTTOMS.

The day was very beautiful as we passed up Madison Avenue to the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Everything, including the Baltimore ladies, looked lovely. We passed into the church with the crowd to listen to Bishop Foster, of our own Church, who was to be the minister of the hour; and rarely have we seen an audience so moved, as that audience was on that occasion, while listening to the only one, as it seems to us, who can open heaven as he does. He was an exemplification of what he said, that "every human heart that speaks of itself, speaks to every other heart along the same line." Oh, how he voiced for us the sufferings and longings of the human heart! Again we thought as we listened to him, what indeed has come to us more than once in connection with this wonderful preacher, that

"The mark of rank in nature Is the capacity for pain; And the anguish of the singer Makes the sweetness of the strain."

His text of the morning, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," etc., will be marked in our Bible as never before. It was pleasant to listen to the praises, as we left the church, which rose from many who had not listened for long and bitter years to our Northern ministers. But the tide of holy charity is rising, and as a Presbyterian clergyman (Dr. Patton) said on the General Conference platform, on the occasion of his fraternal address from the section of the Church which he represented, in alluding to the past of controversy between Calvinists and Arminians, "the tide will yet rise so high that the rocks of bitter memories will all be hidden."

In the afternoon we went to the Masonic Temple, to a reunion of the Sabbath-schools connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of this city. The speakers were Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Rev. Dr. Vincent, and Rev. Dr. Duncan, one of the fraternal delegates of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Dr. Vincent never excelled his effort of that day. He was superb. Gen. Fisk was the only one who could have followed him, with any degree of success, for the tide of enthusiasm was at its height as Dr. Vincent took his seat. But there is no such thing as failure in Gen. Fisk, and he sustained himself as we who knew him were sure he would do, winning fadeless laurels from his Southern friends, and golden opinions from all.

Dr. Duncan, the last speaker, followed in imagination a character that Dr. Vincent had introduced to us. In accompanying Dr. Vincent's Tom, and landing him in heaven at last, listening to Tom's last song as he left earth,

"The opening heavens around me shine," our representative of the Church, South, brought down the house again. The close was a fitting one to such a rare occasion. Dr. Duncan told the children that he was here as a fraternal delegate of their fathers, and now he wanted them to participate in this fraternal meeting; and he wished to present the children of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the children of the Sabbath-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the same time most gracefully extending his hand to Dr. Vincent, who, in answering courtesy, greeted through Dr. Duncan the Sunday-schools of the South, proposing to the children before him to join with the million and a half of the Sunday scholars of the North, in singing,

"We praise Thee, O Lord, for the Son of Thy love,"

which by common consent was at once caught up, the whole congregation most lustily joining in the chorus: "Hallelujah, Thine the glory! revive us again!" And thus closed one of the grandest anniversary occasions we ever attended.

MY NOTE-BOOK PARTLY OPEN.

BY REV. F. G. MORRIS.

Secretary of Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, (Phonographic).

NO. I.
THREE THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN 1820.
In 1820, on the 10th of November in that year, I experienced the grace of God in my heart. It was sudden. It was clear. I felt immediately that I must go to work for God. — A. D. Merrill.

In 1820, the very last of March, I found the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the fourth story of a store, where I was then kneeling upon my face, and almost from the depths of despair, I found the light of God's countenance, and a blessed assurance that He would save me. I did not know that I was then saved; but I then had hope. — G. F. Cox.

On the 21st day of March, 1820, the Lord spoke peace to my soul. This is the third thing that happened in 1820, and by the grace of God, I have held on and held

out, without the least purpose of heart, or thought of mind, to do otherwise than serve the Lord and serve the Church. Glory be to God for salvation! — A. D. Sargeant.

IN MEMORIAM.

The last words of Brother Boyden were: "Keep looking heavenward, trusting in Jesus." — N. T. Whitaker.

All who knew Brother Boyden knew that he was a man of more than a common amount of discretion, prudence and care; conscientious before God and man; tender in all his movements; and endeavoring to do good in whatever sphere he moved. He was one of the excellent of the earth. — A. D. Sargeant.

A GOOD TESTIMONY.

Forty years ago at this time, I heard the first Methodist sermon to which I ever listened. I do not know what the preacher's text was; I do not know what he said. Only I know it was said to be at that time a Methodist sermon; and I presume it was. The brother is present who preached it. Two years after that, God converted my soul. So, I have been thirty-eight years in the way. The brother is present who wrote my first local preacher's license; and I have been striving as best I could since that time to do God's will. I see a good many failures, a good many defects, and a good many things I wish might have been different. But this morning, through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, I am trusting in Him for full salvation. — Wm. McDonald.

A HABIT AND A RECOLLECTION.

In my boyhood, I made it the practice of my life to go forward for prayers at every opportunity. I can recollect hearing old Sammy Snowden, down at Eastham, praying for "the minister's son." — B. K. P.

A SWEET OLD AGE.

I believe I am the oldest member of the meeting. It is nearly sixty years since I was converted to God, and my present state of mind is to myself astonishing. I have not been called to a trial nor serious trouble of mind for months and months. My soul is as peaceful as a lake-surface without wind, all the time; and I have only to ask and receive. I am as happy as I care about being. I don't know as I want the Lord to kill me. I am willing to stay here, but I am as peaceful as a lamb; and all these years I am astonished that I live, and am so well as I am in body. These hands can work, and I love to work. I cultivate my garden, and raise my grapes, and my pears, and my fruits (the garden is not mine, but the fruit is), and I rejoice in the luxury. So I am enjoying a sweet old age. Blessed be the name of the Lord! It is beautiful to me, and I love to speak of it; and I hope as long as I live, I shall enjoy this tranquillity, this unspeakable tranquillity in God. I said at the Conference, when I was called upon there to make a few remarks, that I was "solid in God." I was sorry after I had said it; it was so strange an expression. But a dear brother came to me afterwards, and told me he was glad I had made that speech, for it did him a great deal of good. And I said, "amen!" It was wholly unprepared, but I think it was about right. Thank the Lord! It is about right. May the Lord's blessing abide with us, and keep us to eternal life! — A. D. Merrill.

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.
I am a man that hath seen affliction. Yet I fully believe in the truth of the Bible: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." God knows the best course to take with us to get us to heaven; and when He strikes, He strikes for a purpose; and He knows just where to strike, too. Oh, let us be resigned to His will! I rejoice in the light of His countenance. How sweet it is to rest in Jesus. The promises of His word—oh, they are sweeter than honey or the honey-comb! They have been delightful for the few months that are past and gone. As it relates to my health, it is slightly improving; but whatever may be the course of events in reference to myself, I feel that I am ready for anything. This morning, glory be to God! ready for anything. I trust to be faithful and to receive a crown of life, and join the loved ones that have just passed over, in the better world. — C. L. McCurdy.

One work the Lord has left me, To take up day by day, While others bear the burden, He bids me for them pray. He'll find another servant To labor in my room; If souls are brought to Jesus, What matters it by whom?

O ye who love the Saviour, Who hear your King's commands, Ye unto whom are given Both strong and willing hands, Go, lift the gospel banner, Go in the Spirit's might, Till with its bright unfolding It fill the world with light! — Times of Blessing.

FATHER KNOWS. — "Johnny, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet happy voice; "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart! "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontentment, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we will not be overburdened. Our heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us that we cannot bear. So we will trust Him as little Johnny did his father.

WORKING FOR THE LORD. — A gentleman met a little boy hauling a big baby in a little wagon. "Little boy," he said, "what are you doing for the Lord?" He stopped, looked up for a moment, and said, "Why, I'm trying to make baby happy, so he won't trouble mamma, who is sick." That was a good answer, and a good work for the Lord.

PRAYER WITH PREACHING. — A clergyman observing a poor man by the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark: "O John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones!" The man replied: "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

Answer to last enigma: "Esaia's."

And thy womanly charm together. Let government go to rack, let commerce and society conspire to accomplish evil, let lives be blasted, and hearts be broken, and souls be damned. What are these to thee? Thy sole duty is as a violet to smell sweet, as a flute to sound fine harmonies.

And yet, sir, and yet, madam, God created this woman, not a flower, not a flute, but a living soul; as such to receive help, and to yield help to all other living souls; to it intrusted seed to sow, talents to multiply, work to be done. O my sisters! the world is groaning and travelling in pain until this day, crying out of the darkness wherein it gropes, out of the anguish in which it writhes, for your hands, and help, and care. Where, then, are your woman's hearts and your woman's consciences, that you are silent and still? Go you to the asylums and the hospitals, and make of them homes. Go to the jails, the prisons, the penitentiaries, and make them reformatories and regenerators. Go to the ignorant, the rude, the stupid, and see that the light of intelligence is let into their night of mental bondage. Go to the doors through which men go in and come out wild beasts—the doors that return, for the money there left, poverty, fightings, dismantled homes, lawless murders; that absorb men, and money, and in exchange crowd almshouses and jails, and ripen fruit for that ghastly tree of civilization—the gallows. Standing there in behalf of men, of women, of children, of society alike outraged, defiled, dishonored, destroyed, say: "In the name of the law, and with the power of the law, I stop this wholesale poison and butchery." — Anna Dickinson.

ON THE "VERGE OF JORDAN."

I've loved the "old, old story," On earth I've loved it well; And now I go to sing it Where holy angels dwell! To sing with heavenly music, Amid the choirs above, "Of Jesus and His glory," "Of Jesus and His love."

Full oft, through pain and weakness, My lips must silence keep, While yet my heart is singing Sweet songs that never sleep. As would I break the silence— For doubting thoughts will rise— To question if my Father Is kind as well as wise.

But then the dear old story Comes to my heart again, As on some parched desert Falls the refreshing rain. So gratefully and softly Within my weary soul Is breathed the heavenly message, "Christ Jesus makes these whole."

I know He'll keep His promise, For He has said He will be here, Yet will I never murmur, But check the unbidden tear; Though in my early springtime, The sun may sink ere noon, The feeble light you ponder Will brighten on me soon.

